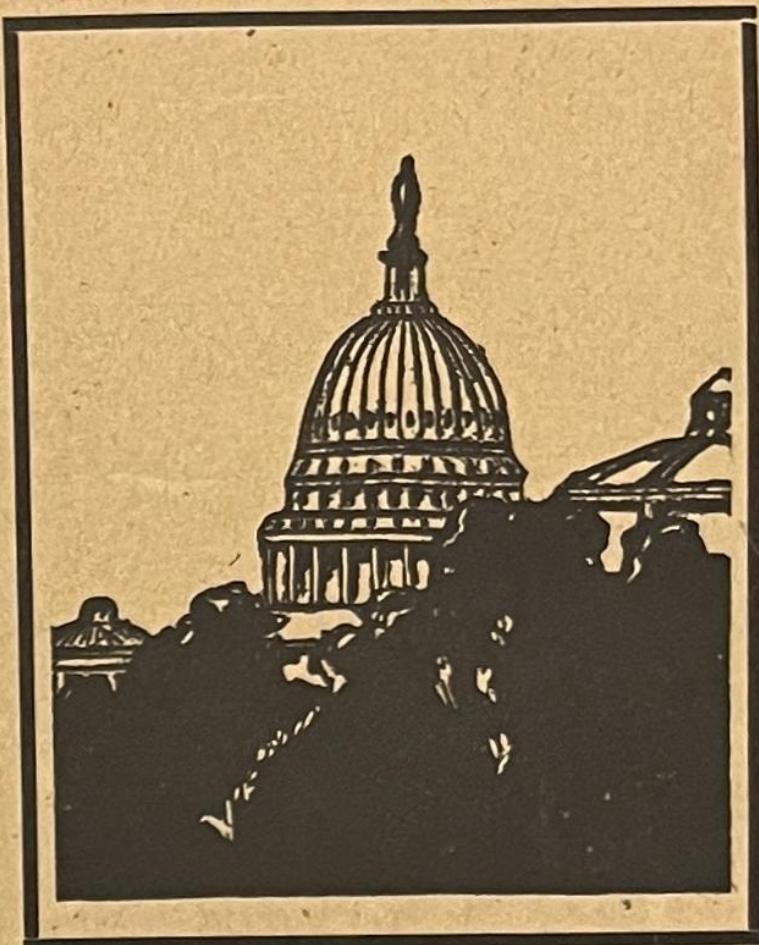


THE EASTERNER

Jan 1919



Eastern High School
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EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOTTO: DO WELL, DO BETTER, DO BEST

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Number 2

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Heroes Everyone

KATHERINE McCUALEY, 12a.

The boys were back! Down the avenue they swung, bronzed, straight, strong, veritable young gods in their worn khaki uniforms and sporty oversea's caps. How our hearts thrilled as we watched them; how, in spite of all our efforts, a lump persisted in coming up into our throats to choke us, as we watched with tear-dimmed eyes the moving columns! They were our boys, our own brothers, friends, friends' brothers who were marching before us. They were our boys who had left their homes, their work, all their interests to go across the sea and fight for us. They were our own boys, who had stood at the Marne, at Chateau Thierry, at Belleau Wood, and stubbornly held their lines until the Huns fled, terrified in the face of a courage, the like of which was alien to their brutal hearts. And now these same boys who had won the admiration and deep thankfulness of nations were returning to us. We had known that they would not, of course, fail or disappoint us; but now, mixed with our pride in them was a disturbing feeling of our own worthlessness and the fear that we were not deserving of them. Who were we that we should take their sacrifices? Who were we that we should take the life's blood of those comrades whom they had left behind under the little crosses? Who were we that we should take a leg, an arm, and leave a boy in his first flush of youth, to face life, a cripple? Oh! we should not, could not do it! We were not, are not, and shall never be worthy of the trials, the hardships, the pain, which they have stood and borne for us. But we can try. And now we hastily brush aside our tears and cheer with all our hearts the returning heroes. There's Dan, dear fellow; how well he looks! And there's Bob and Charley, and Bill! Oh! Oh! Why does the policeman insist on our staying on this side of the rope? Why can't we go out there with them? Suddenly the ropes are broken, and excited mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts rush out and into the arms of the smiling boys. The street becomes the happy scene of a moving human drama. Soon the sidewalks are deserted except for those unfortunate few who have no lad in khaki, and who can do nothing but enviously look on at the glee of the rest.

But no, what is that? A soldier in a wheel chair!

Both of his legs are gone, and a hopeless look is on his boyish face. He is one of the convalescents from the city's military hospital and has been wheeled out to see the return of the boys. As the flag goes sailing by, he raises his hand to quick salute, while a brighter look comes to his sad eyes. But with the passing of the colors, the haunting, pained expression returns. It is a face which draws attention by its very despair. So Margaret thought, as she turned away from the scene before her to face again the soldier in the wheel chair. Margaret had no one in the army. She was an orphan, who had come to see the happiness of those blessed with service stars. But now, conscious only of the look of the soldier, who could never march again, and filled with an engulfing pity, she cried out to him, distressfully:

"Oh! don't, please, please don't look like that. Are you sorry you have given your legs away?"

Now, perhaps this was an awful thing to say. It was not at all what she intended to say, but it seemed to have expressed itself. And now fearfully she awaited the result of her outburst. The boy in the wheel chair didn't smile, or even look interested. In fact, an expression of bored protest seemed to flit over his face for an instant. Then summoning his politeness and looking calmly at the girl, he answered, "I did not leave my legs in France. If I had I would be happy." In answer to Margaret's questioning look, he went on, "I am an aviator, and the machine which I was piloting was wrecked, and this is the result." He pointed to his stumps.

"Oh! tell me about it," breathed the girl.

But Allan, for that was his name, shook his head. "Not now," he answered; "perhaps later."

"At the hall, then," asked Margaret; "for of course you are going there."

"Yes, if you'll take me, for my man who wheeled me here is out there welcoming home his brother."

"I'll be glad to wheel you down there," answered Margaret. So that was how it happened that a half hour later, she found herself seated at a long table beside her wounded soldier, in the big hall, filled with tables and good things which had been prepared as a welcome home for the boys. All around her were

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noise and laughter, a clatter of dishes and exclamations and explanations as to the life in France. It did not seem to be the best place in which Allan might tell his story, but tell it he did; and though he only intended to tell it to Margaret, soon the whole table was listening; and presently the whole room was quiet; and everyone gave close attention to the steady voice of the legless boy; and I have written it just as he told it.

"I am not the hero of this story, and I am telling it because the real hero can never tell it, and because, today, with all this joy at the return of these boys so fortunate as to get to France, I felt as if I must do something in memory of him, who might have been a central figure here.

"Jack and I enlisted in the Aviation Corps together, and both of us studied and received our commissions. We were transferred to another camp, and from there we hoped to get our orders to go across. This all happened about eighteen months ago. Well, we were disappointed. We did not get our sailing orders. I felt badly, but Jack was heartbroken. He had counted so on going, and he found it very difficult to appear satisfied in the home field. There was a girl, too, whom he had left back home, and who, I understand, was anxious for her soldier to go over, and win medals and great honor. On her account, as well as his own, Jack desired to go, and every day he waited for orders. But they did not come, though Jack haunted the offices, and nearly drove our colonel and captain insane, begging them to get the two of us over. He never left me out. But although the colonel sympathized, he could do nothing until word came from Washington. And as the days lengthened into weeks, it seemed as if we were destined to become S. A. H.'s.

"During this time Jack and I went up on scouting trips daily, I usually acting as pilot. In spite of our disappointment, we managed to derive quite a little enjoyment out of these trips. One afternoon Jack came down to the locker in a low frame of mind. He had just received a letter from the girl, asking why he had not yet gone across; and he had just had an interview with the colonel, in which he had been told kindly, but finally, that his prospects for ever going across were hazy. Jack felt pretty badly, and suggested to me that we get the bus and take a little trip. I, desiring to cheer him up, hastened to get the boys to wheel out the plane, and to get our mechanic to look it over. A few minutes later we were soaring above the field; and with each mile we went upward, Jack's spirits soared also, for he was a born flyer, and could never be unhappy when he was in the air. We had a pleasant trip, and were returning when the unforeseen occurred. One of the wires became loosened. A landing would have to be effected immediately. I got busy

with the glasses and sighted a field a little to the right, where we might possibly make a safe landing. We moved over and began to descend, our downward course hastened by the fast loosening wire. But I still peering through the glasses, cried out in horror as we came nearer to the field. There were more than a score of children, who had evidently been playing, scattered everywhere over it. Now they were watching the lowering plane in astonishment. We had to think quickly. It was our life staked against the life of some of those children. Jack never hesitated. With one movement, he swerved the plane sharply to the side, and a moment later, we crashed into an iron fence. As unconsciousness settled over me, the last thing which came to my ears was the frightened voices of the children. When I came to again in the hospital they told me that Jack was dead and that I would have to lose my legs. After the operation my colonel came to see me. Among other things he told me that our orders had come soon after Jack and I had gone up. So while we lay among the ruins of the plane, our orders awaited us at camp."

Allan turned away from Margaret to face the assembled company.

"Boys," he said heartily, "no one welcomes you more warmly than I. I am proud of you, proud to be your countryman; but today, when you go out from here and receive all the tributes of your friends, not for my sake, but for the sake of him, who gave up his life, with none of the glory and excitement of battle, but with only the knowledge that he was doing right, I want you to remember the boys who never went across, who, though willing and eager, never saw France, never had the opportunity to win a Croix de Guerre."

Allan gave a little bow of thanks and turned back to Margaret. But she was standing, and now taking up her lemonade glass, she said, "Let's drink to the heroes over here and over there, the stay-at-homes, and the boys who are now coming home, the ones who can never return from France and those who cannot return from the home camps. For they are all heroes, every one."



Donna the soup eater ate everything but the cup and left it on the bookcase.



Mr. Rodis, the camouflage artist, puts up his desk top either to eat his lunch or talk to his friend across the aisle.



A boy was writing to his mother in a Y. W. C. A. hut; and this is what he said: "As I am writing this letter to you, the piano is playing in my uniform."

The Revolt

HELEN WEIGEL, 11a.

When Mr. Jones came home at 10:30 p. m., and heard the living-room clock strike 17, he was so enraged that he kicked his wife's tomcat across the front hall. It was very evident that Mrs. Jones was not at home. If she had been, her husband would never have dared to kick the cat; this would not have been enjoying the liberty of the house at such a late hour. Moreover, Mr. Jones would not have reached home after 10 o'clock if his wife were not away.

He had long since settled into the dull routine of uneventful married life. Day after day, he shut his desk at 5:15 and joined the herd of home-seeking humanity. He arrived at his apartment each day at 6 o'clock, where he was met by his wife, Clarabelle. Supper was soon over, and Mr. Jones read the paper while his wife washed the dishes. At 8 o'clock the player piano in the flat overhead assaulted the stillness of the evening, ably assisted by the next door neighbor's phonograph. At 9 p. m. these two disturbers of the peace despaired of drowning each other out, and silence reigned. Then would Mr. Jones arise, and put out the cat, which was wont to join its fellows under the nearest lamp post, and poison the atmosphere with lively discussion and solos. Mr. Jones was sick of the monotony of his life. On Sundays the regular order of things was slightly changed. He arose in time for dinner, after which he carefully dissected the clock, put it together again, and started it off with hopes and prayers, which, up to the present writing, had availed not. The clock generally ran properly until Monday, when it reverted to its former condition, first by striking abnormally, and later by lapsing into total unconsciousness. Mr. Jones, who realized the futility of attempting to mend a decrepit clock, would long since have consigned it to the city dump, had it not been for the protestations of his wife, who insisted that the clock could be made to run, inasmuch as it had behaved perfectly during the first year of their marriage.

Therefore, when our hero returned that Friday evening and perceived that the clock was again asserting its independence, he felt amply justified in abusing the cat.

Too long, he told himself, had he submitted meekly to his wife's command, too long had he played the part of the weak-willed pater familias, the household drudge, the patient, plodding jackass, who, being forced to bear the family burdens during the week, must needs repair clocks on Sunday. (This last metaphor, though somewhat inconsistent, appealed mightily to Mr. Jones' abused feelings.)

Suddenly he formed a stern resolution. No longer would he endure this dull monotony under the leadership of his wife; he would prove that he was master in his own house. Never again, he vowed, would he repair the clock—nay, more, he would sell the hated thing, and with the proceeds thereof he would purchase a set of poker chips. Mr. Jones did not play poker, but he was determined to make the reformation a thorough one.

As has been said, Mrs. Jones was not at home, having gone to visit her mother. Mr. Jones hastened to carry out his plan, and early the next morning he shook the clock until it ticked with the semblance of health, and set out for the nearest pawnbroker, where he sold it for eighty cents.

Somehow, now that the deed was done, he did not feel the same confidence in his ability to rule his household. He wondered what his wife would say when she learned what had become of the ancient relic; he wondered what his mother-in-law would think of his bold action.

To tell the truth, he was a trifle more uneasy over his latter consideration than over the former, for Clarabelle's mother had presented the clock to them as a wedding present. Moreover, she was very wealthy, and through her lay the only possible means of obtaining the country home, and the peaceful old age of which he and his wife had dreamed. Decidedly, it would not do to displease his mother-in-law. The longer Mr. Jones thought of this, the more worried he became. However, it was too late now; he would stand by his principles and defend his rights, come weal, come woe.

As the next day was Saturday, Mr. Jones left the city at three. When he entered the parlor he involuntarily glanced at the mantel where the clock had stood, and was startled to find how large a space the clock had covered. How bare and vacant it looked. It seemed to Mr. Jones, as if half the furniture of the room had been removed.

As he wandered aimlessly through the house, striving to convince himself that he was right, he discovered a letter addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. It contained sundry admonitions as to the care of the cat, and the canary, and ended as follows: "P. S.: Mother has decided to return with me on the noon train Sunday to spend a few days with us. Be sure to take her jewelry that she left at our house the last time she was there, and put it in the safe deposit

(Continued on page 17.)

Eastern in the Great War

From Our Wounded

W. O. McCAFFREY, '11, lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps:

While on a motorcycle trip "Bill" McCaffrey suffered a very painful injury, which later proved to be more serious than it was at first thought. Here's wishing you better luck next time, Lieutenant McCaffrey!

HERMAN B. LAWSON, ex.-'13, corporal, Infantry:

During recent fighting Private Lawson's hip was pierced by a machine gun bullet. He is now recovering in a French hospital.

RALPH E. OGLE, '13, captain, U. S. Infantry:

"Am just recovering from a 'little present' I received up in the Argonne Forest. This is quite a pretty place and about as swift as Monte Carlo."

WAYNE GARMAN, ex.-'16, corporal, Field Artillery:

Word has been received that Wayne Garman, formerly of Eastern's Football team, is recovering from shrapnel wounds in a French hospital.

A Word from the Faculty

J. H. PATTRICK, lieutenant, Engineers:

"You may be interested to know I have been teaching for the last six months, at present in the Army Intelligence School. Since receiving my commission I have specialized in aerial photography. It is a new and interesting study taking me above the clouds at times. You would be surprised to know the extent of the A. E. F.'s school system. They work it on quite a sound psychological basis. You study first, then observe, next teach, and then do the actual work. I am leaving tomorrow for the front to do the actual work."

How About Sherman's War?

HELGE C. DIESERUD, '15, lieutenant, Engineers:

"I now bear the official title of R. T. O., Perigueux, which means that I am no less a person than the Railway Transportation Officer of this grand and glorious city. It has befallen my lot to live a life of comfort and luxury such as France has to offer in time of war. I have a cozy room on the third floor of an old substantial residence, with richly upholstered furniture, a large bed to sink in of a night, electric lights, an open fireplace with glowing embers this very minute. Does that sound like war?"

American Spirit in War

GEORGE R. BURTON, '16, private, First Corps School:

"The spirit of the men is wonderful. The only difficulty is to restrain them. After a raid or an attack, recall has to be blown several times to get

them back, and to get them to give up ground is impossible. They won't yield an inch. Besides that we have helped drive the Boche out of the air. He is helpless in the air except for night raids. Just to show you a few instances of individual fighting, I will cite a few cases. A private in the Engineer Corps, when a position was raided, killed eight Huns with a spade. Not so bad for one man, what? A lieutenant rushed a pill box or concrete fortification with machine gun occupied by one officer and twenty-five men, killed nine men and captured the officer and sixteen men, and carried the machine gun back to his own line. We are certainly going to clean up when we get our men all ready to take over the front."

War in Full Swing

W. A. GALLAHAN, '17, sergeant, U. S. Marines:

"I have been over the top twice in the past seven weeks, and, believe me, I had a lively time. I had a few narrow escapes but emerged from the front both times without a scratch. I had two pieces of shrapnel to hit my helmet, and one machine gun bullet to glance off the same piece of headgear. My battalion was very fortunate both the times up. We attained our objectives both times, but not without some hard fighting. After dodging whiz-bangs and machine gun bullets we had little time for anything else. I don't guess you know what a whiz-bang is, so I shall try to describe one. It is a shell about 3 inches in diameter that passes over your head with a whiz, bursts behind you with a bang, then your hair stands on end and you wonder why you weren't hit. Of course, when you do get hit, you don't wonder at all. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since I have been over here. I am in the best of spirits and although it is hot at times I have nothing to kick about. Remember me to the faculty and students, and tell them that, although this is a hot scrap, I am glad to be in it."

Biology at the Front

C. W. STEVES, ex.-'16, corporal, Aero:

"You should see our collection of animals! We have fifteen rabbits, one dog, one cat, a rooster, a squirrel and a guinea keet (I know I spelled that wrong, but I can't help it). Anyway, one of the boys told me to pick the 'keet' up by his tail and his eyes would stick out two inches. Of course it sounded awfully strange, but still I wanted to see all the things that nature could do. I started to do it and found out that a 'keet' hasn't a tail. Oh boy, and didn't they kid me! You should have heard them laugh. Please don't tell this to Miss Wilkins, for she would think me a very bad botanist."

Eastern in the Great War

W. ERNEST BARKMAN, '16, *sergeant, Artillery*:

"I don't know whether or not I told you I was billeted in a little French village. We don't see much of the inhabitants during the week, but on Sunday everybody is out for a good time. In the afternoon all the mademoiselles promenade all dressed up in their best clothes. Last Sunday I missed that, as I was in the midst of my ablutions."

After the Signing of the Armistice

GEORGE C. RODGER, '14, *private, Ordnance*:

"Since coming over I have been stationed at Foeey, not far from Bourges Domgermain, which is about five miles from Foul, Neufchateau, Ligny, Souilly, Nixeville and Souhesmes which is about ten miles south of Verdun. Most of my time has been spent rushing ammunition or doing guard duty around shell dumps, but for the past six weeks or so I've been attached to the office of one of the Corps Artillery Inspectors of the First Army."

From the Navy

EARL G. JONSCHER, '16, *Yeoman School*:

"Everything seems to be about the same in our training, the routine each day very rarely changing. The bugler still sounds reveille at 5:00 a. m. in the wee hours of the morning, and the familiar call of "Hit the deck, sailor!" always comes to our ears. You know we sleep in hammocks, and when we get out of them, we are bound to hit the floor often quite hard on our bare feet—hence "hit the deck" originated. Sometimes, during the night a lad falls out of his hammock and instead of landing on his feet, falls on his head or side."

Recently Commissioned

Among Eastern graduates recently commissioned in officers' training camps are:

J. RIEHL ARNOLD, '14, second lieutenant Engineers, O. R. C.

ALBERT M. WEBER, '14, second lieutenant Coast Artillery, O. R. C.

EDWARD Y. DAVIDSON, JR., '15, second lieutenant Coast Artillery, O. R. C.

Recent Promotions

ERNEST E. HARMON, '10, lieutenant, Air Service.

LESLIE BAGBY, ex-'16, lieutenant, Air Service.

STANLEY B. SMITH, '12, lieutenant, U. S. Marines.

MAIN SANDOE, '15, ensign, U. S. N. R.

JOHN M. SANDERSON, '10, captain, Field Artillery.

RICHARD O. SANDERSON, '08, captain, U. S. M. C.

RALPH E. OGLE, '13, captain, Infantry.

F. STERLING WILSON, '11, lieutenant (junior grade), U. S. N. R.

WHITLEY MCCOY, '09, lieutenant (junior grade), U. S. N. R.

Lieut. James Defendorf, '11, is now acting as judge advocate for the U. S. Hospital District, No. 8.



The Christmas Star

O Star, thou guiding beacon of an age long past,
Thou harbinger of peace to all mankind,
Thy piercing rays doth still the storm clouds part
And call a soul-bared people back to God.

Through many lonesome nights thy steadfast beams
Guided three weary travelers o'er the plains;
Thy leading presence in those Eastern skies
Brought the whole world to greet its King.

The morning stars have sung together ages long,
And felt the throbbing of earth's many wars;
But on the night thy presence filled the skies
The storms were calmed, and Angels sang of Peace
untold.

"Peace on the earth! Good will to men!" the angels
sang;
And shepherds on the hillsides heard the song;
They, too, rose up to follow thy white gleams
And find the manger where the King of Peace was
born.

O Star, thou golden star of God's own service flag;
The Savior whom thou heralded so long ago,
A sorrow stricken, yet rejoicing world now greets
By endless battles, wild and fierce and long
A world purged clean by pain and sacrifice
His righteousness has crowned, this Christmastide.

DOROTHY D. ROHRER, 12A.



Corrections

The beautiful poem, "Thanksgiving," published in the first issue, was written by Dorothy D. Rohrer, 12A.

The story, "A Sign of Descent," was the contribution of M. Ernestine Bryan, 11A.

Through a mistake these names were omitted.



Miss McNutt and The Four Square girls took a three-mile walk the other day.

EDITORIALS

Hail to Our Business Men

Did you read the advertisements in the last issue of THE EASTERNER? Of course you didn't. I would not be afraid to wager that you did not even give them a passing thought, as you hastened to turn the pages to the "Scare Head," the poems, the stories, or whatever is of most interest to you. Why should you bother about the old advertisements? They make very dull reading, at best; and you have always regarded them as necessary evils, which haunt all reading matter, and take up space that might well be put to better use.

And still, on the other hand, those same prosaic advertisements were read with interest by at least two people in school. To Nathaniel Brewer, Business Manager of THE EASTERNER, and Robert Burns, Advertising Manager, they represented hours and hours of hard work. Perhaps certain ones called to mind embarrassing interviews with indifferent proprietors, interviews in which our embryonic business man had to summon all their courtesy and tact.

And then you ask if their duties are important? Important! Why, that doesn't half express it. Advertisements are indispensable to THE EASTERNER. The paper could not exist without them. So these boys represent the financial life of the magazine.

Have you ever attempted to get an advertisement? If you have, you may appreciate to some extent the feelings of these boys. If you have not, no matter what you may think on the subject, you cannot know what it is to approach a busy man, and try to persuade him as to the advisability of advertising in your school paper. Perhaps he has never heard of the paper, and besides what will it profit him to advertise in it? The boys have to talk and talk, explain, and then explain it over. They have to give the assurance again and again that the members of the school will read the ads and patronize the advertisers. I wonder how many of them do? Perhaps, after a long hour's work, Brewer, wiping his fevered brow, may come away successful. Again, and this possibility is by no means remote, he may come away with nothing to show for his efforts.

Let me say right here that Brewer is one of the most exact business managers THE EASTERNER has ever had.

And as for Bobby Burns, I do not think that boy can be praised enough, for the energy and enthusiasm and good will which he has put into his work. Bobby never grows downhearted, never gets tired, never is too busy to go out of his way to help you.

These boys get very little reward, now, for their vast expenditure of labor. They, unlike other contributors to THE EASTERNER, cannot turn with pride

to some article and proudly proclaim it as their own. No, they have only the ads to show their admiring relatives and friends. And yet I wonder if it is true that they are wasting their time, that there will never be any tangible results. I do not believe this to be the case, for good work is never done in vain, and perhaps in the future, Brewer will himself advertise in leading magazines all over the country, while Bobby will be writing such original and striking ads, that everyone must read them.



See America First

A few years ago this slogan was on every lip. One of the places that the nation's people wanted to see first was our own Washington, the capital city.

Do you know your city as well as the tourist does?

Washington is now the cynosure of every eye. Here momentous questions are being discussed and decided upon. Here the great men of the nation and other countries assemble and here history is being made.

You are greatly privileged to be so nearly in touch with the powers that make the wheels go round. Do not neglect these opportunities. Do not wait until your life is nearly spent to find out about the events which are taking place now all about you. Do not allow yourself to be bounded by the narrow confines of school, home and community. Grow with the expanding interests and activities of your country.

Be a citizen of the world.



School Gossip

School Gossip was contributed this time by Dorothy Williams. Eleanor Eckhardt has been obliged to remain in Philadelphia on account of her mother's illness. Thanks, Dorothy.

Miss Bucknam: "What was the hegira?"

Bright Pupil: "The flee of Mohamined."

One would never suppose that the dainty Kangiesser harbors such an enormous appetite, but such is the case. At any time that fragile creature can be seen poised daintily on the edge of a stool behind the bars of the bank eating a sandwich. Ye Gods! One after one they disappear. And yet his nymph-like form he still retains. Jett says, "How does he do it?"

Miss Bucknam: "The Thirty Years' War was more horrible than this one. There were women fighting on each side."

Newman: "Gee, it *must* have been horrible."

The Revolt*(Continued from page 9.)*

downtown. I forgot all about it. You will find it in a little box locked up in the clock case. Love, Clara."

Contrary to the usual behavior of disaster-stricken heroes, Mr. Jones did not collapse into a chair, nor did the note drop from his nerveless fingers. He made a bound for the hat-rack, and left the house, as if it had been a burning powder mill. He dashed into the pawnshop, upsetting an umbrella stand and a pair of andirons in his haste. The fat old German, to whom he had sold the clock early in the morning, was sitting in the rear of the shop, smoking his pipe and scowling at the ceiling. "The clock!" gasped Mr. Jones as soon as he could get his breath. "Gimme the clock! Whereabouts is it at?"

The proprietor gazed at him stolidly. "Vell," said he slowly, "for vy should you be in such a hurry? Pesides, iss it that you should bust up a man's beesness?"

"For heaven's sake, man," yelped Mr. Jones, "sell me that clock. I gotta have it!"

"The clock he iss not here any more," said the German. "Already I sent him for a present by my nephew what was married yesterday."

Frantically, Mr. Jones implored the address of the bridegroom. After much persuasion, he learned that the happy couple dwelt in the East Side, in a red brick house above the river. With sinking heart he left the pawnshop, boarded a street car, and soon found himself before the residence of Adolph Schmidt.

He rang the bell, and Mr. Schmidt himself opened the door. With halting voice, Mr. Jones stated his proposition, offering two dollars for the clock, which he could see on the mantelpiece. It seemed to be running, but even in that distracted hour he felt a tinge of pity for the young husband.

Mr. Schmidt laughed heartily. He said he would be killed before he'd sell a wedding present for two dollars. Mr. Jones bid two dollars higher. More laughter on the part of Mr. Schmidt. Our hero, sinking into the depths of despair, bid wildly and heavily. Clearly Mr. Schmidt was tempted, but at this point the bride, herself, stepped forward and conferred in low tones with her husband, after which the young man announced that "not under no circumstances whatever" would he sell a wedding present, not even for a hundred dollars—his wife said it was unlucky, and that settled it.

Mr. Jones turned sorrowfully away and started for his car. Before he reached the corner, however, the vision of his wife's wrath and his mother-in-law's

displeasure rose like a phantom and urged him back. Again he approached Mr. Schmidt's humble dwelling. It was dark in the living room, but he could see a ray of light beneath the door, which, judging from the rattle of dishes, led into the dining-room. Alone with the mantel, the clock ticked temptingly. Mr. Jones was desperate. He glanced quickly up and down the dusky street, then, moved by a sudden determination, he stepped across the threshold and took the clock from its place. With the quiet skill of a more experienced burglar, he attempted to open the case, but, as he expected, it was locked and the key was at home.

Suddenly the door flew open and Mrs. Schmidt entered the room. Loud shrieks rent the air, "Himmel! Adolph, come quick once! A burglar, help! The-e-e-f!"

Mr. Jones bounded for the door and crossed the street as if pursued by a pack of mad dogs. On the other side was a steep bank, thickly overgrown, which led to the river. The fugitive precipitated himself over this bank, not knowing where he was going, nor caring either, for that matter. He landed suddenly among a multitude of old bottles and empty cans, stumbled swiftly through the trash and brush, and finally fell heavily in the mud beside the river. The clock lay unbroken beside him. It seemed to be running perfectly.

Above him, on the street, he could hear wild confusion. Someone was coming down the bank with a lantern. Mr. Jones, realizing that no time could be wasted, got up hurriedly and struck out down the bank toward the city. Terrible thoughts of arrest and imprisonment arose before his eyes. He wondered what the penalty for burglary was.

Blindly he stumbled on through darkness. Many times he tripped over stones or driftwood. Finally, after seemingly interminable hours, he saw a light, which he knew must be the Central Street wharf. The clock under his arm registered 1 A. M. when he staggered up the bank and wearily plodded up the deserted street. Several gentlemen whom he met a little later asked him what time it was. A drunk advised him to sell the clock and buy an Ingersoll.

It was a wretched-looking object that at last reached home. His clothes were torn and dirty. His derby was smashed; his face was smeared with mud, but in his eyes gleamed the light of victory. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he opened the case with hands that trembled with excitement and anticipation, and then—horror of horrors—he found that there was nothing whatsoever within. He felt suddenly ill. As in a dream, he placed the clock back on the mantel, and sank wearily into a chair, where he remained till daybreak. Then he arose, a broken man, and slowly ascended the steps.

"Pat" Powers has been in the S. A. T. C. at George Washington University.

Rudolph Roetchi and Paul Ratcliffe have been in the S. A. T. C. at Georgetown. They are expecting to be employed in the Government after their discharge.

BUSINESS GRADUATES, 18

Elizabeth Kullman is back at Eastern.

Eunice Good has moved to Baltimore.

Ursula Ivory is working at the Red Cross.

Amy Shapiro is employed by the Government.

Elsie Hayden is employed at the Union Station.

Mabel Fridinger is employed at the Y. M. C. A.

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Marguerite Larkin is a stenographer in a congressman's office.

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Einar Dieserud, 1911, is vice-consul in Christiana,
Norway.

MARRIED—

Charles L. Roetschi, ex-'18, and Miss Cecilia Clark.
Walter Graves, '15, and Miss Marguerite Erb.



Camp Fire Notes

OSCELA-DESIRE

Oscela-Desire had the election of officers on Tues-
day, November 12th. The new officers are, Miss Pau-
line Lindsay, president; Gladys Van Horn, secretary,
and Ellen Simons, treasurer.

The most important business of the weekly meetings
centered around arrangements for a Christmas party.

Our Camp Fire has turned in a number of sweaters,
and has finished a large portion of the work on the
Red Cross layettes.

The girls took a hike on Thursday, December 5,
with the Four Square Girls. They walked from the
south door of the school to the Corcoran Art Gallery.
They also visited the English naval exhibit.

Our Camp Fire has now its full quota of twenty
members. The new members are those of the younger
classes who first signified their intention of joining the
Camp Fire, as one of the Four Square clubs. We ex-
tend our cordial welcome to our new sisters.

TATAPOCHIN

When so many pupils asked to be admitted into our
organization, Miss Merrill was obliged to organize a
second Camp Fire. The new one has chosen the In-

dian name Tatapochin, meaning that it cannot be pulled
to pieces.

The members have assumed a great deal in living
up to their name. Already they have the maximum
number of girls in their circle.

As soon as the girls were initiated into Camp Fire
ideals and ways, they chose their officers as follows:
Elta Grabill, president; Nellie Weishaupt vice presi-
dent, and Fay Meyers, secretary.

This Camp Fire has been also planning its share in
the Christmas party, which both camps are going to
give jointly. Since it is to be given in the Drill Hall,
it has been postponed until January 17.

The Tatapochin girls have decided to secure their
Four Square honor in Archery. They have already
practiced one day at camp and a second in front of
the school.

Keep the good work up, girls! "Practice makes
perfect," the old adage tells us.

Tatapochin promises to be a wholesome rival for
Oscela-Desire. The *Senior circle* wishes you success.

The Camp Fire Girls of both clubs are earnestly
admonished to give their support to the Red Cross
work. Those girls who still have unfinished work
must hurry to keep pace with the more energetic mem-
bers. Such a splendid start should have a worthy
finish.

E. V. DUVALL, '19.



Miss Birtwell: "Why is a railway train put in the
feminine gender?"

Freshman: "Because you often miss it."
(Bright child!)

Inquisitive Sophomore to George, the janitor: "Say,
don't you ever sweep under the desks and in the
corners?"

George: "Yessuh! I always sweeps everything in
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What the initials W. S. S. mean—

To the Freshmen—What shameful subjects!
To the Sophs—We'll stop studying!
To the Juniors—What sweet smiles!
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Morning after drill—Benner to Robb: "I heard you
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Miss Rearick: Yes, the funny one.
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SCHOOL NEWS

On November 8, Mr. Warner gave a very good talk on the problems which now lie before the Allies. He said the main object was, not only to "make the world safe for democracy," but to "make democracy safe for the world."

One of the most interesting speeches which Eastern has had this year was given by Mr. Alling, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who has seen many scenes of the war during his stay in France. He told many interesting stories about the fighting "over there," of the wonderful spirit of the American boys, and of the commendable service of the women. A campaign was started in the school the same day for the benefit of the "United War Workers," which proved a great success. The pupils of Eastern gave \$700. Well done, Eastern, with your 412 pupils!

On November 12 there was an Assembly exclusively for the girls, at which Miss Burnie, leader of the Friendship Club girls, and Miss Merrill introduced the idea of the Four Square Easterner. As we all know, the boys have always had their Basketball and Baseball through which to win "E's." Now, at last, there has been something introduced into the school which the girls may work for, and of course all true "Easterneresses" will. See the article on the Four Square Easterner Club.

At the Assembly just before Thanksgiving, at which Catherine McCauley told the girls to do their best for Athletics by buying a ticket; she said four prizes were to be given, one to the person earning the dollar for his Athletic ticket in the easiest way, in the hardest way, in the funniest way, and in the most original way.

Charles Lanham also urged us to dig deep into our own pockets and refrain from asking our parents for the money. Mr. Schwartz announced that to each person who purchased an Athletic ticket, there was to be given a small blue button with a white E on it. I think there are very few Easterners who have not been seen wearing this button.

The Senior Class has had its vote on pins and rings. As there was a large majority in favor of the design chosen, it is evident that the Seniors will be very much pleased.

The Assembly of December 3 was one of great interest and excitement. The Cadet officers were announced, those of greatest interest being, Robb, captain of Company F; Dawson, captain of Company G; Lanham, first lieutenant, Diegelman, second lieutenant, of Company F; and Hardy, first lieutenant, Parker, second lieutenant of Company G. Ellis Haworth is major, and we are all proud of him.

This happened on the day of our first Basketball game this season: We played Technical, and sad to say,

were beaten—the score being 18-6, in favor of Tech.

Miss Merrill also announced the existence of the Social Council. Each club or organization must send its delegate, either its president or a delegate elected by the club or organization.

On December 4 Mr. Fred Irland gave a very fine talk on "English in the High Schools." About a month ago he sent a list of words around to the different High Schools, the meaning of which the pupils were to give as they understood them. As Miss Gardner said, "There were meanings given, both humorous and pitiable." Mr. Irland explained the meanings of a few of the words, telling us the Latin and Greek derivation.

On December 10 Eastern celebrated its victory over Western in the Basketball game. The score was 33-26. We have an excellent captain in Albert Reed, and we hope he will keep up the good work.

For this Assembly the boys were put back on their side of the hall, that is the south side, where they had been accustomed to sitting. It may have been a relief to both boys and girls—who knows?

At the Assembly held December 11, Dorothy Rohrer rivaled Burke in a talk she gave for further interest of the pupils in THE EASTERNER. She said if there were any budding poets or authors in the school let them write something for the school paper, instead of leaving all the work for the staff.

Mr. Warner spoke about the Peace Conference now about to take place in France.

Mr. Schwartz announced a school Christmas dance, to be given on January 3.

The Senior Friendship Club filled stockings for poor families for Christmas. The club still continues its knitting for the Red Cross.

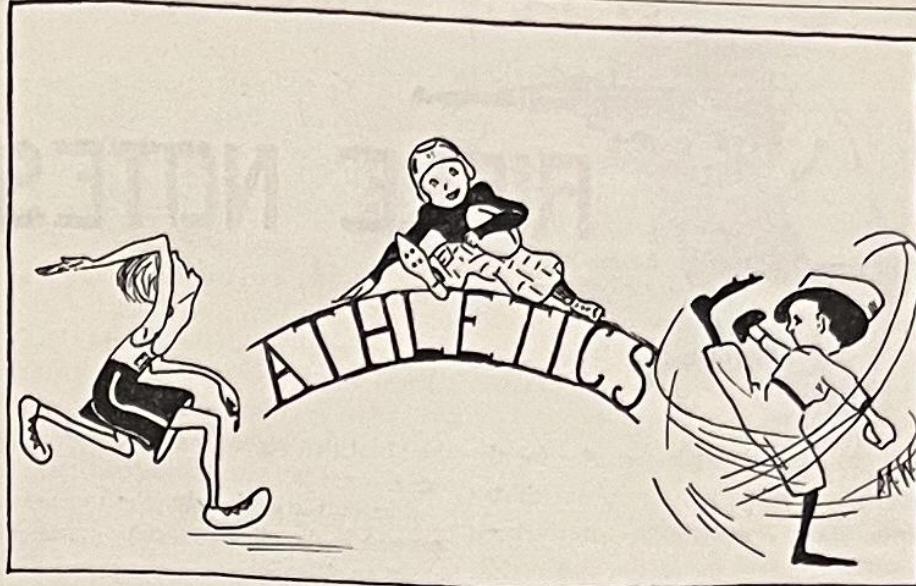
The Nina Friendship Club gave a Christmas dance December 27, to which the Senior Friendship was invited.

The Senior Class regrets deeply the fact that they have at last come to the end of Burke's speech. It is with sorrow they put away the outlines, over which they worked diligently into the wee small hours of the night. It is with gnashing of teeth and bitter tears, that they close the pages of the much loved and adored oration. Cheer up, Seniors, "Macbeth" now comes upon us!

On December 17 the school Orchestra played for the first time this year. They played three very beautiful selections, one of which, "Indianola," the school never gets tired of hearing.

Mrs. Gerry gave a talk on the education of the immigrants in our country, which gave a clear insight into the conditions existing among these people.

(Continued on page 22.)



The Basketball team is now going along in fine shape. Practice has been held every day, and the team has become very fast and accurate in shooting baskets. We have won a game and lost one. This year we have excellent chances for winning the championship, and the boys on the team are struggling hard to do so. The games played thus far have been won by a very small margin, and the contests are proving to be very interesting to the spectators. We have the lightest team this year that we have ever had, but it is also one of the fastest and gamest. The Freshmen teams are beginning to get into action, a schedule having been arranged. The games will be played every Friday between the different schools. We are going after both the championship of the schools and the Freshmen team championship, and we want the members of the school to come out and show that they are interested in athletics at Eastern by their presence at the games. The faculty is also invited to come to the games and see our team in action. The standing of the different school teams at the present is:

Technical	1.000
Business	1.000
Eastern	.500
Western	.000
Central	.000

In our first game with Tech we were defeated by the score of 17-6. Both teams played hard at all times, Eastern making 15 fouls. Gosnell of Tech took advantage of these fouls by scoring 7 points out of the 15 free tosses, which was enough to win the game. There were only 8 baskets shot from the floor by both teams, which shows how close the game really was as to playing. O'Connor played a good game at center for Eastern, getting two of the three baskets credited to Eastern.

The line-up:
EASTERN. Position. TECHNICAL.

Reed	Left Forward	Aaonson
Myers	Right Forward	Gosnell
O'Connor	Center	Loehler
Dawson	Right Guard	Parker
Briggs	Left Guard	Winkjier

Substitutes—Eastern, Robb for Reed; Tech, Latiner for Parker. Baskets—Robb (1), O'Connor (2), Gosnell (1), Aaonson (1), Loehler (2), Parker (1). Fouls—Gosnell, 7 out of 15.

In our second game we came back strong and won against Western by a score of 33-26. At the end of the first half the score was 15-10 in favor of Western. In the third quarter Eastern rallied, and combining the excellent shooting by the forwards with the close guarding against Western, we tied the score. In the last quarter the game was first in favor of Western and then Eastern, but finally Western let up and Reed, Myers, and O'Connor shot several baskets apiece. This won the game. Briggs played a good game at guard for Eastern.

The line-up:
EASTERN. Position. WESTERN.

Reed	Left Forward	Burke
Myers	Right Forward	Nordlinger
O'Connor	Center	Herron
Dawson	Right Guard	Altemus
Briggs	Left Guard	Wight

Substitutes Eastern, Robb for O'Connor; Western, Looker for Nordlinger, Bradley for Herron. Baskets—Reed (5), Myers (5), O'Connor (5), Burke (6), Nordlinger (2), Herron (3). Fouls—Reed (2), O'Connor (1), Nordlinger (5). Referee, Hughes.

We have six more games to play, as each team plays the other twice, and we want to see everyone in school out. Show your school spirit now, and come out and cheer for your team. Mr. Litchfield has been elected

(Continued on page 22.)



RIFLE NOTES

The Rifle Club has commenced its practice for the year. As before announced, there are about thirty-five members, who shoot every Friday after school. These practices are held under the supervision of Mr. Schwartz, president, and Ellis Haworth, captain of the club. It is arranged so that four members can shoot at once.

You will notice that I say members, and not boys. However, I might as well say boys, since there seems to be no girl in Eastern brave enough to shoot a gun. It seems strange that this should be the case, when Eastern girls are noted for their courage and loyalty to the schools. I hope that in the near future some girl at Eastern will develop the nerve to join this club

and beat that record made by a girl from Western last year.

The only trouble with the members of the club at present is the slight difficulty experienced by some of them in locating the bull's eye. It seems that, although all the members are famed throughout the United States as expert marksmen, they are unable to live up to their reputations. Some say it is the fault of the members, themselves; but I, being of a charitable inclination, and a member myself, place the entire blame on the guns and the ammunition. It seems that the captain of the team has partially neglected his sacred duty of cleaning the rifles this year. However, he promises to have some smokeless ammunition and clean guns as soon as possible.

Athletics

(Continued from page 22.)

cheer leader, and we want a large cheering section present at each game. The members of the first team are Reed (captain), Myers, Robb, Dawson, O'Connor, Briggs, and Faber. The second team, composed of Benner, Newton, McQuade, Higgins, Donnelly, Davis and Diegelmann, deserves credit for the way the boys are reporting every day and giving practice to the first team. They are doing just as much for their school, since they give the same amount of time and energy as the first team.



School Gossip

Alice Ashford is glad that she wasn't the happy girl that Burke proposed to, because she imagines it must have been too exciting. She pictures herself (fair maid of youth and beauty) sitting half asleep while the animated Burke, with wildly roving eye, quotes from Milton's "Paradise Lost," which in his far-seeing mind would quaintly fit the occasion. She wonders if an outline would have been necessary. Oh! happy lovers.

School News

(Continued from page 20.)

On the day before the Christmas vacation Eastern not only celebrated the reunion of the Alumni, but it also presented a very amusing play, "Lend Me Five Shillings." Miner Stout had the leading part, which he played very successfully. Charles Lanham had a part in which he could show his dramatic as well as his artistic ability. Other members of the cast were Dorothy Johnson, Bobbie Burns, Davie, and Charlotte Bayly. The play was a great success and was greeted with much applause.



They were discussing "Lochinvar"—

Miss Moore: "We have no sympathy for the bridegroom, because he was a laggard in love and a dastard in war, and maidens, in that age, were won by arms."

Verily, times have not changed.



Janice Blum thinks that even Macbeth would be preferable to Burke. We hope, Janice, that Macbeth won't add another victim to his collection.

CADET NOTES



The officers of the Cadets at Eastern for this year are:

Company F—S. Robb, captain; W. B. Hardy, first lieutenant; C. Parker, second lieutenant; G. C. Havenner, first sergeant; J. Stancell, second sergeant; O. Kanngiesser, third sergeant; J. Stokes, fourth sergeant; R. Benner, fifth sergeant; McQuade, L. Vermillion, E. Vermillion, Rassbach, Davie, Miller, corporals.

Company G—A. Dawson, captain; C. Lanham, first lieutenant; F. Diegelmann, second lieutenant; L. Engel, first sergeant; C. Waite, second sergeant; R. Newton, third sergeant; R. Burns, fourth sergeant; A. Lord, fifth sergeant; Trainor, Higgins, Larcombe, Brewer, Hardy, Stout, corporals.

Military Notes

Twelve more men are needed to give Eastern her two full six-squad companies. We are now coming to the most critical period of the year, that is, the few drill days around the end of the first semester. It is in these days that the fate of each company is decided, for by this time all companies are supposed to know the movements and be ready to start on the final drive. Those companies that have neglected, or slipped over movements, are going to be handicapped for the rest of the year, and on the drill field. Now it is just as much of a handicap to drill with blank files in the company as it is to neglect movements. The neglect of

movements would be the fault of the officers, but it will be the fault of the whole school if twelve more Cadets cannot be found to fill up the empty spaces now existing in the companies. And we want men who will stick!—not the kind that tire after the second day's drill; not the kind that come one day and skip the next two; but twelve *real men* who are out to work and to bring the flag back to Eastern!

In former years we have had to rearrange the companies at the last moment and have a six-squad and a four-squad instead of two six-squad companies. But *this year* neither of the captains wants to go sliding on to the Competitive Drill field with a little sawed off, bob-tailed, four-squad company. And those people of Eastern who have seen the drills in past years will sympathize. To tell the truth there are not many things that can look more undignified, to say the least, than a bob-tailed company. Remember there is only one remedy for this year's companies—*twelve more men*.

The competition for prize squad will begin soon, and a close race is expected in both companies.

A company benefit dance is to be given in January or the first part of February. This is just another chance to show how much Eastern is behind her companies. The companies are working for Eastern, therefore why shouldn't Eastern help the companies? It is just a case of team-work.

Brewer: "I wonder if Miss —— will excuse me today. She has a kind face."

At last we have found a youth to take the famous Pekofsky's place, even so far as the spats and slick hair comb. This dude claims the cognomen of Humphrey Walsh. But, hark ye! A possible rival looms in the distance. Its name is Miner, and it has its curly locks parted in the center and drawn back from its face, also it is adorned with a lavender striped, stiff-bosomed shirt with a green tie to match. And believe me, Miner can swing the light fantastic toe. Some vampire.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Mr. Suter: "Kaufman, why do they sometimes call sulphur, brimstone?"

Kaufman: "Because it is found on the brim of volcanoes."

Ellis Haworth says that if he had to serenade his lady love as does the gallant Spaniard, he would never reach the happy state of marriage.

How sad the thought!

Miss Bucknam: "Why were you late, Mr. Detwiler?"

Detwiler: "I didn't walk fast enough."

A Miner Page

A Letter From Over There

At the Christmas Play

(Mamie is a Freshman girl. Mamie goes to Eastern High School. Friday, December the twentieth, Mamie saw the Christmas Play in the Assembly Hall.)

Oh, See Mamie.

She is Way Down Front.

She is sitting with Gertie.

My, isn't Gertie Sweet.

Gertie is talking to Mamie.

Gertie asks Mamie,

"What is the Name of this Here Show, Mamie?"

"It is Called 'Lend Me Two-Bits,' or Something,"

Answers Mamie brightly.

Now Parker Puts the Lights out.

Gertie giggles.

Why does Gertie giggle?

You had better Ask Miss Grosvenor.

It is Beyond Us.

Now the Curtain is being Drawn.

Isn't it a Noisy Curtain?

Who is drawing the Curtain?

Maybe Al Reed is, but we can't see him.

Mamie and Gertie can't see him either.

Oh, see, there are the Actors.

No, little one, they are not Real Actors.

They are Only School-Boys and High School Girls

Playing that they are Actors.

Who is that Funny Boy?

Mamie doesn't know.

But Gertie knows.

"That is Miner Stout," says Gertie.

"Isn't he Nice?" says Mamie.

But Gertie says, "Oh, you should see his Fuzzy Yellow Pants."

"Oh, is That Him?" says Mamie.

"How do You Know his Name?" Mamie says.

"Oh," says Gertie. "I was in His Mother's Girls' Friendly Class."

Here is Lanham.

Gertie and Mamie both know Charles.

Yes, my child, Charles is Mr. Lanham's First Name.

And who is This?

This is Bobbie Burns.

No, he is not Named after the Famous Ten-Cent Cigar.

He is Named after a Character in Roman History, The Beer Gauger of Edinburgh.

Mamie and Gertie Enjoy the Play.

Mamie says, "I like it lots."

Gertie likes it lots, too.

They are Laughing.

Is it Jokes that they Are Laughing At?

No, not so. It is the funny clothes that the Boys and Girls on the Stage Are Wearing.

(The Play is over. Mamie and Gertie are going home. Good-bye, Gertie. Good-bye, Mamie.)

DEAR SAL:

I write a letter to say a fond good-bye. I thought it would be better. Don't write me in reply. You know that I've been crazy to get into the fight; but when I told Pa, Papa said, "You're crazy, kid, all right." So I'm leaving with "French leave," I fear, I simply had to disappear. I'm going without saying any touching sweet adieu. If I come back, I'll see you when all the wars are through. Now, I still love my Pa and Ma; I love you more than ever; but, "Love is as brief as a Summer's night, and Glory lasts forever."

The girls of France, the girls of France, by poets they are often sung. My eyes are blind. They don't entrance the likes of me. Your picture hung within my heart is still as yet, my first and last and only bet.

A little bird is singing in the trees his sweetest song, in the grass the flowers springing are in blossoms all day long; I am dreamy and romantic, and I think that I can tell how the dinner is progressing by the chop-house savory smell.

Now, Hon, we're pretty young yet to be talking 'bout such things as Little Homes down in the West, and Golden Wedding Rings, but war has turned things 'round a bit; and if I come back whole, remember I belong to you, my body, heart, and soul.

And the reason that I tell you isn't so you'll wait for me, because I know you'll do that anyway. But when the war is over and John Brown comes marching home, be prepared, you're going to have a wedding day.

MINOR K. STOUR.



Locals

Miss Wilkins: "What is a molecule?"

Miss White: "It is an insect."

Miss Bolen: "Have you ever seen Charlie Chaplin in real life?"

Miss Willey: "No, but I saw him in 'A Dog's Life.'"

Mr. Padgett (Explaining word baccalaureate): It means that those students have won their laurels.

Bright Pupil: It means, by that time, they are ready to rest on them, too.

Daily occurrences in Latin class: *Fecit, gessit, missit.*

Latin teacher: "What are the principal parts of the verb meaning to run?"

Willie punching his neighbor: "What are they?"

Perplexed neighbor: "Darn if I know."

Willie: *Darnifino, darnifinare, darnifinavi, darnifinatus.*

Patriotic Songs and Hymns

We are publishing these songs at the request of Mr. Hart, who is very anxious that we learn them, so that we may be able to know what we are singing at our next Assembly. Remembering the late musical exhibitions we have given, it must be admitted that this request is a just one, so let's get to work and learn these songs now for once and all. THE EASTERNER is very convenient to carry to the Assembly Hall.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

SABINE BARING GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

CHORUS:

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst the church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
 gleaming,—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
 perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly
 streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
 there;

CHORUS

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
 brave?

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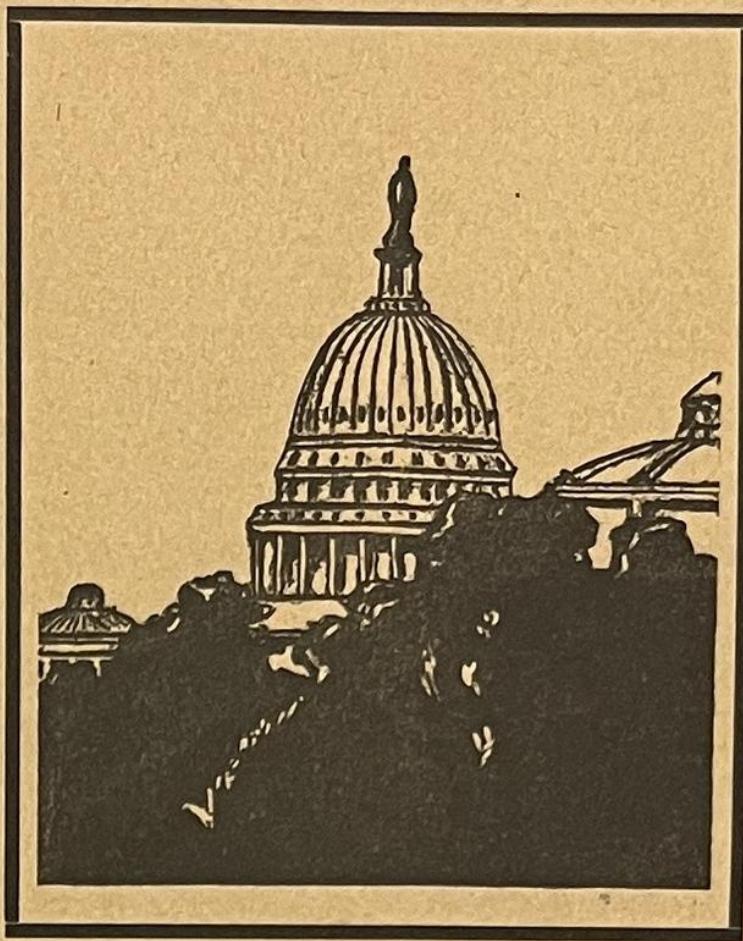
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOTTO: DO WELL, DO BETTER, DO BEST

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Camouflaged

HUMPHREY WALSH

The sun was low in the heavens as I sat reading the evening paper in the dining room. Mrs. Jepson was walking back and forth between the dining room and the kitchen removing the dinner dishes. She always took a long time to do this, as this was the time when she decided at what future meal the remains of each viand would again make their appearance. In the kitchen Martha was ironing at the same time, giving Mrs. Jepson an account of an elaborate funeral which she seemed to have enjoyed very much.

Beyond the kitchen was the back-yard, where Mr. Jepson was digging up some potatoes, the results of a war-garden. Beyond the back-yard to one side was a garage, through a lighted window of which I could see Henry Jepson shining the brass-band on his Ford. Beyond the garage was an alley where I could see Martha's son and a couple of young colored boys absorbed in a game, which in the dusk looked like marbles, but wasn't. Across the alley was the residence of Mr. Fox.

On the third floor I saw Alyss Fox, who had already lighted the light and had forgotten to pull down the curtains while curling her auburn tresses. Sweet Alyss! Had she known how pretty she looked with her golden hair covering her shoulders and kimona hanging loosely about her she would have forgotten the curtains every evening. She was probably curling her hair for the same reason Henry Jepson was shining the brass-band on his Ford. Alyss until her eleventh year had been called Alice, at which times she and Sayde Jones, previously Sadie, had informed their friends, family and teacher of the change. I had ambitions in Alyss' direction, but—at this point Alyss interrupted my soliloquy by remembering the curtain.

Alyss is not the heroine. The heroine was at this very moment being respectfully ejected from the house by Alyss' younger brother, for some misdemeanor, the manner of which I might guess but not disclose.

Hortense and I were on the most intimate terms, probably for the reason that we were both alone in life. She lives at the Fox's and I am the star-boarder at the Jepson's. Hortense had been born and reared in oblivion, and as she had never disclosed the facts in her career, I have reason to think family conditions weren't of the best. I dare say her parents did not live together. At an early period she had attracted William. William had been bringing home one stray cat after another. At the time Hortense had been living a Bohemian sort of life and when she was taken home to a dinner of milk, she turned up for every dinner after that.

Hortense was not an old cat. Oh, no, not that. She was in early adolescence. But she had seen much of life and had become hardened. Nor was Hortense an ugly cat. But she had seen several generations of fleas and had become moth-eaten. She was long and thin, had a noble bearing and a dignified look. At times she broke all the established rules of cat etiquette, and I am sorry to say she didn't keep her whiskers clean. No lady, whatsoever, can be accepted at her face value if she goes around showing that she has just had milk for supper.

In spite of all this Hortense was mistreated. She was forced to eat in the kitchen, sleep in the cellar, and was seldom allowed the freedom of the house. The food put before her was coarse. At times she refused to eat—a thing which I had never dared to do. Should I have done so Mrs. Jepson would have served it back to me in a disguised form. Hortense and I had another common grievance. I had once heard Henry Jepson imitating myself to his mother's and father's amusement. But with Hortense it was different. The Foxes made slighting remarks about her moral character. They often reproved her for her personal appearance, a thing in which she could not help herself. Alyss made a dainty show of disgust whenever she approached her. Mr. Fox had been seen to hasten her departure from the room in the house by means of his feet, which were immense. William had read somewhere of swinging a cat and had put it to test only to be stopped by his mother who said that his "dirty old fur" was getting in the soup. But Hortense accepted all this with stoicism.

She began to spend less and less time at home. Finally she only came in for her meals. Then she got in with bad company and began to stay out all night. At last she became so unpopular with the Foxes that when she came around for her meals she was informed that the family was not at home to her, in a way more forceful than polite. I, who had always liked Hortense, felt this deeply and would have given Hortense a home had I been able to prevail on Mrs. Jepson. As it was, I often bought her milk and she spent her time with her friends, with whom she had many disputes.

One night at a late hour she and one of her friends became involved in a strenuous argument in the alley between our house and the Foxes. Now, I, who was better acquainted with Hortense than anyone, knew that she was dragged into it and would not maliciously

(Continued on page 13.)

Another Happy Ending

HELEN BLACK, '11.

If Fred Hunter had been a girl he would in all probability have been in tears as he walked slowly from the college on the top of the hill to his mother's bungalow at the foot one balmy autumn evening. To have worked, worked like a Trojan, he told himself bitterly; to have neglected every other interest for Football practice, to have been encouraged and praised unstintedly in his efforts by the athletes and instructors, and then to have been turned down on the very eve of the opening of the season on account of some minor physical defect not of enough importance even to be named on the little slip of paper which advised him that he had not come up to the mark; this was almost too much.

Partly working his way through college, he had been hard put to find time for the required Gym work and practices. His main studies had not suffered, though, and he thanked the saints now that he had not been fool enough to neglect his studies for athletics. No more dreams now of the big game in which he would carry the pigskin over the goal for old Colonial, amid the frenzied cheering of his fellows. He clenched his teeth hard as he mentally said good-bye to those glorious air castles. There had probably been some dirty work, he thought hotly. The old M. D. had never gone out of his way to be pleasant to him. He was likely to blame for the whole thing. Well, he'd tell him a thing or two the next time he got a chance, and then as he realized how utterly useless such a proceeding would be, despair that hurt more than the first shock settled over him. That which had made life one glorious anticipation was gone and the school year stretched monotonously ahead of him, that evening. He quickened his stride a little. He would tell mother about it. She was the best pal a fellow could have.

When he entered the house everything downstairs was dark. Where was mother, and dinner, he wondered. She always had his dinner hot no matter how late he was. Seeing a light upstairs, he dashed up the steps with a sudden fear clutching his heart. Perhaps she had fainted or had been taken sick suddenly. He burst into the lighted room with anxiety written large over his face. Instead of his mother he saw a big burly form in mechanic's clothes.

"Don't be scared, honey-boy," it was the big intruder who spoke first. "I just dropped in to fix your mamma's sewin' machine and findin' her out just came up all by my lonesome," and the man edged nearer the door.

Now Fred's mother's sewing machine was not in that room, although a little built-in safe was, so with pounding heart he blurted out, "Say, you, you stand still." The man advanced a few steps farther and towered in front of Fred with a leering grin.

"Now 'sister,' just move out of that doorway peaceably like and I won't hurt you much, though I reckon I'd better tie you up and put a little gag in your mouth."

Fred saw red for one instant. "You move one step farther, you big bully, and you'll wish you hadn't," he shouted, and gathered himself for a spring. The man, with a contemptuous sneer, took another step forward and the fight was on. The housebreaker's expression of contempt turned quickly to one of surprise and then hardened to one of determination to do this kid up right. He hit out hard and fast. It was a question of brute strength and no small stock of experience against brains, a set of perfectly trained muscles and a resolve to show once and for all, and especially to the M. D., what he really was made of.

Fred dodged, and parried, and used all the feints at his command, and at last it began to tell on his bulkier opponent. His breath came shorter and his sight became partially impaired by a little trickle of blood, which had been started by a couple of well aimed blows. An especially sharp blow on an already sore place enraged him beyond description and with a bellow of rage he rushed upon Fred and clinched. It was a terrific struggle, and when at the end of what seemed ages, but was in reality about five minutes, Fred found himself safely on top of his opponent, his breath was coming in sobs and his head was going round and round. He clinched the man firmly with his knees, secured his hands and tried to catch up on the breathing proposition. Just then he heard his chum's whistle from the sidewalk in front of the house. "Come on in, Harry," he shouted with as much breath as he could command. The man beneath him did not move. Fred heard his pal stumbling up the dark steps.

"Why the deuce don't you have a light in the hall, Fred?" he yelled good naturedly. "Well, what in the name of—. What's the big idea?" he questioned dazedly.

"You come here and help make this house safe for its owner by helping me truss up this fellow and then I'll tell you," retorted Fred. Harry did as he was asked and soon they had the man safely "trussed up."

(Continued on page 25.)

Eastern in the Great War

Distinguished Service

A great deal has been said about the brave fighting of our airmen. The following letter from Lieut. John F. Farnsworth of the 51st Infantry shows that none of them has excelled in bravery his gallant brother, Tom Farnsworth:

"As I was unable until a few days ago, because of rather urgent business in the Argonne and later at Verdun, to write my people all the facts of Tommy's death, I will also write them to you. In the big drives in the rear of the lines there is always considerable massing of troops and supplies while sending them to their places in the lines, and it is the endeavor to hunt and delay those troops, by both sides, as much as possible. One method is by long range artillery and the newest and best is by bombing airplanes. These planes, which are large and fast, but not built for fighting other planes, fly at a low altitude and drop bombs and use their machine guns on the troops in reserve. They have not only to face countless chasing planes of the enemy, but terrible machine gun fire and anti-aircraft shrapnel. After one raid I counted over sixty bullet holes in Tommy's plane. The work is really the most difficult of any that is given the men over here, and you can imagine just how bad it is by the fact that at St. Mihiel in just my brother's small squadron, there were sixteen killed and five captured. Tommy's squadron was the 96th and was the first American squadron for bombing to reach the lines and dropped more bombs during the war than the other squadrons put together. The two survivors of Thomas' party have already received their Distinguished Service Cross for the raid and the members of his squadron say that Thomas should receive it posthumously. He was sent with five others to bomb the Boche on the Chambley road the afternoon of September 13. They accomplished their mission and after several fights were divided. Thomas and two others after almost reaching our lines were attacked by seven Boches. He brought one of them down, and the letter my mother received from Lieutenant Rockwell tells the rest. Two of the six returned and the fate of the others is not known. His plane was found that night, right side up with one wing nearly shot off.

"Thomas was a brother to be proud of as well as to be loved. I feel that my pride should equal my sorrow. I am glad I was able to see him work. Last summer, when stationed near him, I saw him leave and return from several raids. One night we had to help him walk back to the barracks, but he never lost his smile. One evening I saw a squadron high over

head. One of the planes dropped a red rocket, which meant trouble, and started to come down. The pilot had it well under control and descended in a steady spiral. It was country that was not meant for planes. There were only high narrow ridges and trees for it to land on, but the pilot brought the plane down without a scratch on a clear ridge, when we were expecting to see it entirely destroyed. I went over to the plane and Thomas was sitting at the controls, smiling. His engine had stopped. Just two minutes kept him from landing in Germany. There is one thing that makes me still more proud of him. Last summer when things were going pretty hot for him and every day meant a narrow escape, he was offered the chance to return to the States as an instructor. He refused, because, he put it, he had just come over, although then he had had about his share."

As Eastern hears more fully about her dead soldiers, she feels ever-increasing sorrow at a loss so heavy, but also ever-increasing pride in their heroic sacrifice. The following extracts from a letter of Mrs. Pyles, mother of Capt. A. Zane Pyles, '06, of the 118th Infantry, make us realize that life is truly measured not by length of days, but by achievement:

"His officers have written to us in terms of highest praise for him, and two of them came to Washington to see us. One said, 'Mrs. Pyles, your son had a princely character.' Another, 'Your son was 100 per cent brave and 100 per cent efficient.' Another, 'I admired him as a soldier and loved him as a man.' His sergeant said he would rather be his sergeant, than have a commission in another regiment; and so we feel that we have a right to be proud of our splendid boy, though to give him up was to leave us desolate."

Eastern's Wounded

We have just learned that Lieut. Daniel C. Roper, Jr., '11, has been in a hospital in France for four months suffering from a serious injury to his arm. Eastern sends her heartiest greetings and sympathy to Lieutenant Roper and hopes to hear of his speedy recovery.

Sergt. Ralph E. Fraser, '15, has recovered from being gassed in a battle not far from Verdun. He has been in a hospital for several months, and upon recovering was sent to Luxemburg.

After the Censorship Was Lifted

Herbert C. Graves, '15, Private, Ambulance Corps:

"We started from Tobyhanna on Christmas night and landed in Hoboken the next morning. We embarked on the *Pastores*, a small steamer but capable

of nineteen knots, and at 9 o'clock that night joined our convoy and sailed. Every man was on deck until the lights of the Statue of Liberty grew dim in the distance. If I intend to complete an outline it will be impossible to dwell on the things that came upon this voyage. We had three scares, one panic and three killed. Incidentally, we sank one sub officially. I've heard, unofficially, that no less than three were put out of commission. The *Pastores* got two—the unofficial ones. Brest sighted on the night of the 16th and we entered the harbor at 7 the next morning. The usual acclamation greeted us on landing and we began to feel glad we were here. But our sentiments changed when we were showed into a freight car entitled "8 horses, 40 men." On a hard floor, without blankets or straw, we spent that night. Every three or four hours we would stop and get a cup of hot coffee, and the chance to stretch our legs was appreciated more than the coffee. Our money wasn't good here, because then the French people didn't understand what was tendered them. Luckily for them, they wouldn't take our word for its French equivalent, so, although we had money, and although there were numerous places on the route intended to relieve people of such an inconvenience, it availed us nothing. So by means of corn willie and hard tack (dog biscuits) we survived that nineteen hours. It was here that we were taught that inevitable French phrase for all ills, '*C'est la guerre.*' At St. Nazaire we were busy for about three weeks assembling our cars and then we started for the front. We stopped once for more than a night's rest. Incidentally, we exercised, drilled, took hikes, cleaned up a barracks and whitewashed it, washed our cars and painted them. Otherwise, we had nothing to do. Coming here we had passed Meaux and Marcellis. At last we landed at Ludis, a small village about twelve kilometers from Rheims and about six from Sillery. We stayed here for some time and, outside of a few raids, it was the quietest sector we were on. So we were broken in gradually. From here we moved to a place called Chambrey, and it was here that we learned enough to change Dante's description of Hades, had he been with us. Herein wounded, killed or gassed we lost twelve men, but eventually five returned to us. At Tours sur [on the] Marne we had a picnic; only two cars on post every day and none of these posts nearer the lines than six kilos. From here we moved back to Ludis, and for the first time in France had comfortable quarters. We lived in servants' quarters of a chateau on straw ticks. But not for long; the Germans retreated and we drove on soil that no French soldier's foot had touched for four years. It was at a town called Beine that I was taken out of the kitchen and given a car. From what I understand I shan't see you for six months or more.

I sure regret those six months, for our job seems to be finished."

It All Comes Under War

Edward B. Lawson, '14, Sergeant, Artillery:

"Just now all of the boys are discussing when the war will be over and how long it will be before we hit the old U. S. A.

"It seems nice to imagine ourselves home and natural to envy the returning officers, but we really don't want to leave until 'it's over, over here,' as the song says. I was sadly in need of a feminine hand today, as I sewed on my service stripe on my blouse and a chevron on a new shirt. It was a tough battle, but I managed to get them stuck on in some sort of a fashion. Can you picture us playing a little baseball in a field with shell holes every twenty yards or so and using one of them for first base? We had a little game this afternoon just before supper and it made us even hungrier than before. We were given steak and gravy, too."

Hurrah for the Girls!

One of our girls who has done a great deal towards making the soldier's life a brighter and happier one is Mary A. Newcomb, '11. Miss Newcomb sailed for France on October 20 and was sent by the Red Cross to the center at Mesves. She has been very successful in carrying on many activities which are always welcome in the camps. We can justly envy those who have the pleasure of coming in contact with her, for we know that she is just the one capable of bringing happiness to those around her.

Just About War

Theodore Marquis, ex-1918:

"It sounded so queer when the noise of the guns stopped and it took some little time to stop wondering whether the next one would get a fellow. Hardly anyone thought of cheering. We felt more like crying, but did not. In the evening, a fine star-lit one, the Germans sent up flares, red, white and blue, from their lines, and we could see that they were on three sides of us. From time to time I hear of U. S. soldiers who get passes to Paris and other cities, and of others who speak of having the best of everything and spending their evenings in places of amusement. Only a few of these men can belong to the combatant branches of the army, is all that I can say. We have only come in contact with the peasantry. Few of us will have a chance to bring home a French bride, for we see hardly any young women, and only those when moving by."

Re-chickenizing France

Miss Van Doren, at the request of Miss Helen E. Stout, State Director, District of Columbia C. A. R., chairman of the District of Columbia Poultry Club, has asked some of her pupils to make posters for a new patriotic campaign. This campaign is for the "Re-chickenizing of France."

The American Committee for Devastated France has decided that poultry raising will be a method by which France may solve some of her food and labor problems, and in the end help lift America's burden of feeding the world.

The idea is to have small farms all over France where chickens are raised and cared for under approved methods by wounded Frenchmen. To do this the people of our rich nation are called upon to send money to France, direct to our Minister in Paris, through the Children of the American Revolution, who are the sole agents over here. The money is being sent to France to buy eggs and chickens in southern France and Spain. That will eliminate any hesitancy from fears that our own stocks will be so seriously drained as to raise the already high prices.

One dime will buy one fertile egg for the incubators. One quarter will buy a live chicken, already capable of producing eggs. Thirty dollars fills one large incubator with fertile eggs. Four hundred dollars finances a whole farm with its two large incubators capable of holding one thousand eggs. The least a person can do is buy one fertile egg, parting with an insignificant dime.

Tags and buttons are given the donors; a tag for ten cents or more, a button for a quarter or more.

Boys, don't you want to own a chicken in France?

Elizabeth Duvall, in Room 9, is the agent at Eastern. She has a large supply of buttons.

The posters are to be finished for the big drive at Easter time.



Motto for the "Doughboys" of Eastern: "Always ready when kneaded."

Miss Metzeroth: "Mr. Dawson, give an example of the conservation of energy."

Kid Dawson: "When Dr. Rothermel tells you to do something, don't do it, and you will be conserving energy." Why not try it?

Engel (to Pekofsky): "Well, are you going into the Cadets this year, Peaky?"

Peaky: "What do you think I would get?"

Engel: "Why, I don't know."

Peaky: "Well, I wouldn't make a good private; I know too much." S. A. T. C. did it.

Rookies

Some deathless lines I tried to write

But "2ab plus 1"

Would never let the "x" come right—

I could not get them done.

And then some new-made Sophomore,

All dressed up slick and clean,

Called out: "Hear, hear, forevermore

No Freshie must be seen!"

Then Seniors, thinking of the spurs

That they almost had won,

Spoke up: "Tis so; our honored sirs

Will see that this is done!

No rookie has a right to breathe

Or think a thought of size;

Let them be ground our heels beneath

Till they are 2xy's!"

I wondered at their speaking so

And thought I'd put them out

But as I could not make them go

I tried my best to shout:

"Go to, ye lordly Sophomores,

Spout, Seniors, while you may;

The rookies will be here in force

When you are gone to stay.

Proud Seniors chalking up your scores

As world-controlling stunts,

And lordly haughty Sophomores,

Were ye not Freshies once?

Do worlds create by Senior thoughts?

Or suns by Sophomores?

No! Sophs are just unbounded naughts,

And Seniors 2 naughts more!"

Instead I dipped my pen in ink

And wrote such thoughts as these:

"Of course these modern Platos think

That they are all the cheese,

So why disturb them in the thought

Or ever let them know

That one is just a boundless naught

And one a rimless "o?"

DOROTHY BUCK, 9a.



Mr. Suter: "Miss Rives, what is another use of the carat, besides weighing diamonds?"

Miss Rives: "As a vegetable."

"Correct!"

Miss Johnson: "Quid fecit Caesar magnus."

Olive Ramsey: "Yes, I believe so."

Miss Johnson: "Potesne respondere?"

Olive Ramsey: "Uh, huh."

Miss Johnson: "Te linguam latinam scire puto."

Olive Ramsey: "Why, it's this way. Caesar wasn't married, but I think his wife was."

Miss Birtwell: "Mr. Joynt, please give me another poem of Spencer."

Mr. Joynt: "Well, he wrote one about getting married, in twelve parts."

Enceladus

(Translated from the "Aeneid.")

DOROTHY D. ROHRER, 12a.

And now when died the wind with setting sun,
Not knowing where we went or what the way,
We came upon the Cyclops' fearful land.
The port was great and lay in peaceful rest,
Unmoved by storm or by the wind's approach;
But yet, to mar the calm and quietude—
The only drawback to the restful place—
Nearby huge Aetna roared with rumblings dread;
And now it rolls out smoke of inky hue
To paint the sky with pitchy, eddying whirls,
And sear it with the embers glowing white.
It puffs out flaming balls to heaven's dome,
And with these myriad tongues it licks the stars.
Sometimes it belches forth in rage sublime,
 Emitting crags and rocks from out its mouth,
The very shattered entrails of the earth;
At first it melts the flinty stone with heat,
And boils the mass down in its lowest depth,
Collecting its supplies with toil, then hurls
It with a mighty groan up to the skies.
The story goes that by a lightning flash
Enceladus was stricken to the earth,
And now his body lies, half burned, pressed down
By this great mountain's choking, binding weight;
And ever, when in struggles fierce he bursts
New craters in his jailor's heaving sides,
Huge Aetna breathes forth flame and screens of smoke.
As often as, by weariness compelled,
He rolls and flings his limbs from side to side,
The uproar shakes the whole Sicilian isle,
And fills the sky o'erhead with lurid clouds.
For one whole night we suffered in the woods,
By this atrocious monster held in awe;
Nor saw what caused the terrifying noise.
For neither were there any burning stars,
Nor was the heaven bright with starry light;
But murky clouds obscured the sky, and night
With gloomy shades kept back the moon.



E is for English, that brings forth a D;
A for Algebra, which no one can see;
S is for Skipping, the joy of us all;
T stands for Trig, no study at all;
E in Exams, being very rare things;
R for the Rules, that P. Padgett sings;
N is for Nothing, which everyone knows.
Put them together and thus the word grows.
It stands for the place that none of us hate,
The home of the wisest as well as the great.

An Essay

Each time that we return to school, after a vacation, we notice that an ever-increasing number of girls have left to go to work. It would seem to the casual observer that it is not so much their dislike for school and an education that attracts them to work as their desire to be able to indulge in the expensive styles and amusements of the age, although they earnestly profess it to be their patriotic duty.

One of the most usual sights of this age, when education figures so little in the securing of a large salary, is the young girl of high school age, making her way to her place of employment attired in a garb much more suitable for an afternoon tea. Her hair is too frizzy, her eyebrows too black, her cheeks too rosy, her waist too thin, her skirt too short, and the heels of her shoes too high. From her conversation one would gather that her days are spent most profitably. She arrives at the breakfast table when the rest of the family are leaving it. She reaches her office nearly on time and proceeds to perform the improving work of punching cards. She visits the soda grill at noon and once again after office hours. She rides home on an over-crowded street car where she breathes the germs and imitates the manners of the crowd. At night when other girls of her age are improving their minds, she, in another suitable garb, goes to a dance hall or moving picture theatre, a concert, opera, or lecture, being too educational for one so long since through with education.

She is living in the present only, satisfied to leave the future alone. She is more than satisfied to know that she is giving up all that is worth while in life, all that will enable her to enjoy the real pleasures of life, all that will secure for her a permanent position after the war. Why shouldn't she be satisfied? Is she not able to "keep up with the Joneses" for the time being at least?



Mr. Farrell (from New York): "Up in New York, if a Cadet skipped drill once, he was suspended from school; and if he skipped twice, he was expelled."—Fair warning to drill skipper!

Miss McNutt: "You go to the board, Vermillion; I don't want anyone that knows anything. I want someone that will do what he is told."

Told by one of "Our Boys":

Policeman (rounding up draft suspects): "Have you got a card?"

The suspected one: "A whole case of 'em! Which do you want to see—meat, draft, sugar, calling, registration, milk, or postal card?"

EDITORIALS

Matinee Day

THERE was a time when every pupil in school looked forward with more or less fear and trembling to a day or so devoted to strenuous examinations at the end of each semester. It was a day when, we believe, much more midnight oil was burned and many more wet towels applied to aching heads than now. No one admitted that "cramming" was or is an admirable practice.

For that reason and others along with it, the trying and useless means of ascertaining a pupil's knowledge has been done away with; in its place we have another plan carrying with it almost the same objections, although in a lesser degree of objectionableness.

We believe that "Matinee Exams." are not only objectionable but useless. We believe that the teachers can tell from the daily recitations of a pupil, whether he is qualified to go on to more advanced work. Why compel or allow anyone to take and possibly pass an examination in a subject in which his instructor has already rated him deficient?

The objections to the practice are many and reasonable. First and probably foremost is the one of encouraging or at least permitting laxity in daily preparation. It is an acknowledged fact that the every-day grind in study is what fixes the subject in the mind. But if there is always the possibility ahead of redeeming oneself in an examination, it is somewhat of a temptation to be neglectful. Almost anyone can "cram" enough in a few days to pass an examination; but the knowledge so gained is never lasting.

Is it fair to promote one student on a temporary knowledge of his subject while another works conscientiously throughout the term and obtains his knowledge through hard work?

We believe that it would not only be more fair, but that it would tend to raise scholarship standards, to promote pupils entirely on their daily efforts.

The Social Council

THE SOCIAL COUNCIL of the Eastern High School is composed of one representative from each activity in the school. It has in all about twenty student members, with Miss Monk as its faculty adviser. Ellis Haworth has been elected president, and Fred Diegelmann secretary. The Social Council has general supervision over all school social affairs.

Among some of the things that the Council plans to do this year are the following:

Conduct a series of entertainments every Friday noon and once or twice a month on Friday nights, to raise money for the school fund.

Take charge of the selection and presentation of the annual Spring Play.

Perfect the organization of the Students' Council, and formulate a definite plan of work for each activity.

Publish a handbook containing a summary of all the school activities and other facts about Eastern High School.

The last two items will furnish an opportunity for a great deal of hard work and careful thought on the part of the members of the council.

A careful study will be made of the student organizations in schools all over the country and a plan for such an organization will be devised for Eastern High School that will be the best that can be formulated. A committee of six members of the council, of which Mr. Haworth is chairman, is now considering the matter and drawing up a constitution to be formally considered later by the council.

The handbook will contain an account of each school activity, with its purpose, its conditions of membership, etc. It will also contain a brief history of Eastern High School, its aims, and the courses of study offered.

We wish to call special attention to the series of entertainments to be held under the auspices of the Social Council. The school fund is extremely low, and there are unusually heavy demands upon it this year. The affairs will be given as part of a campaign to raise money for the school fund. We most strongly urge you to attend them. Back up the leaders of your organizations, who will have charge of them. See which organization can do the most for Eastern.

Welcome, Freshmen!

WELCOME to our kingdom, you newcomers, we are glad to see you, and are eager to explain and make clear to you the dark intricacies of high school life. Do not feel dismayed at what may occur to you in your first few weeks of the new life, and never, for a moment, look back longingly on your eighth grade days. Set your faces bravely forward. Put your hand to the plough, though it may be a Latin book, in this instance, and never look back 'til you are no longer freshmen. You are entering on an entirely new phase of school life. First you will hate it, then you will tolerate it, and you will end up by loving it. The first time you are called Miss or Mr. So and So you will experience a shock, but the next time it will be easier, and before the day is over you will be mildly wondering why your Eighth Grade teacher never recognized your dignity. You will be plunged into a chaos consisting of the rudiments of the language

settle an argument in the way they did. Mr. Fox did affect by Julius Caesar together with the terrors of the French alphabet supplemented with the Oriental shorthand. But let none of these things worry you. If you despair of ever mastering them, why look to those who have gone before you. See how they have endured the tests and escaped. So take courage. Do not be too greatly awed by the Seniors. You too will some day attain their exalted state if you successfully survive what is before you. Do not take the Juniors as your models. Just because they never seem to study do not imagine you may do the same. They have perfected a short-cut system which you will learn in time, but for which you are now too young. You are now in the stage where you every evening honestly stagger home with six or twelve books, which you study 'till the wee sma' hours. This state is rarely permanent but while it lasts it is heavenly—for the teachers. Alas! as you stride upward the number of books which you find necessary strangely decreases. This is one of those unsolvable facts that should be chased with the fourth dimension. And now to come to the most important class of all, be ruled, O Freshies, if you would be wise by the Sophomores, in all things. If they deign to notice you be suitably impressed. If they should smile, look on yourself as being in the seventh heaven of delight. If they come to teach you, bear it patiently. If they snub you, bear it meekly. Never attempt to differ from one of them, never dare to offer your opinion. You are only a Freshman, you know, while they are *Sophomores*. But cheer up, Freshmen, in the coures of human events, you too will become Sophomores, and then matters will reverse themselves to your satisfaction.

Remember, dear children, first impressions are lasting. As you begin, so you will be regarded in your entire course. You will not realize this now, but gradually you will come to understand that what you are doing now is the keynote of the whole. With your coming one hundred strong, quarters have become a little crowded, but you are just that much more welcome, so here's to your success at Eastern, Class of 1923.



Camouflaged

(Continued from page 6.)

not realize this and I distinctly heard him say, all the way across the alley, "Is that damn cat still hanging around?" After that he shut up for a while, but a little later I heard him mutter something about a brick he was going to hurl at Hortense. I was very much in fear for Hortense's future, and arose when I heard him raise his window.

"If you strike that poor defenseless dumb creature," I said, "I'll have you arrested."

"Whose cat is she?" he said rudely.

Then we had a long argument, which ended when he said, "Oh, take your silly little face in." I did what I was told, for some of the neighbors were beginning to enjoy our argument, and Hortense and her friend had declared an armistice to listen to us.

The next morning as I dressed I saw Mrs. Fox giving Hortense some milk on the back porch, and as this was the first time in three weeks that Hortense had received a meal there I knew that Mr. Fox had listened to my arguments during the night. Hortense soon re-established her old status in the Fox household and scarcely even noticed me. I did not know whether she had taken offense at my calling her a poor, defenseless, dumb creature or whether I had made myself ridiculous in her eyes by appearing at the window in a night-cap.

Things were peaceful for a long time until one day Alyss had a caller who entered the parlor with Hortense right behind him. He looked at Hortense and said, "Did I let this dirty stray cat in?" Hortense is a tactful cat and to save Alyss embarrassment accepted her cue and calmly walked out when the door was opened. She went around to the back door where she found that Alyss had ungraciously forbidden her re-entrance.

Then Hortense began to take her meals wherever possible, though I noted with glee the fact that she knew better than to trouble Mrs. Jepson's not over-worked garbage can. All this told on Hortense's health. She lost her youthful figure and her desultory meals made her breath simply killing.

I saw that things could not go on as before, so I took Hortense one day to the S. P. C. A. where, if she should not be adopted in one month, she would be suffocated, poor thing. Hortense was given a bath, and lo!—Hortense was really white. Her fleas were massacred, her toe-nails manicured. I left, certain that beautiful Hortense would find a home.

This evening when I got home Mrs. Jepson asked me if I would like to call on the Foxes' new cat. The mice got so bad after Hortense left that they had to get a new one. Its name is Thaddeus.

Being very fond of all cats, I visited the Foxes. Alyss came into the kitchen holding Thaddeus in her arms and fondling it up to her neck. When she brought it down for me to see, I found to my greatest surprise and deepest passion, that Hortense, passing under the pseudonym of Thaddeus, was putting one over on the Foxes.

I have not exposed her yet.

Weather, heavy; storms just passed; more storms coming in six weeks.

THE SCAR

Will It Revolutionize Studying?

Messrs. LaSalle, Shreve and Higgins have lately announced to the students of Eastern High that they have just completed an invention which will abolish all studying. The following is a description of the process by which this invention was perfected, a description of the machine itself, how it works:

It is a machine which one may carry in his hand without having it noticed. It can be made to resemble any voice, deep masculine voice, tremulous feminine voices, undecided Freshman voices, unsophisticated Sophomore voices, unconcerned Junior voices, self-confident Senior voices, in fact any old kind going. The manner in which the material for this machine must be obtained is briefly described in the following paragraphs:

First, you must go out in the woods and walk around until you find a clearing in the shape of an equilateral octagon, in the center of which must be growing a red oak whose dimensions must be as follows: Six feet one inch in diameter and one hundred feet six and nine-tenths inches high, and whose foliage covers the clearing. It is imperative that a squirrel's nest be in a decayed portion of the northeastern side of the tree, six feet two and three-quarter inches from the ground; the hole leading to the squirrel's nest must be six and twelve-thirteenths inches in diameter. After such a spot has been located the real work begins. For seven consecutive nights at the stroke of twelve you must place one pound of radium in the hole leading to the squirrel's nest, being very careful after this is done to turn three times to the left and repeat nine times in a solemn chant, "Hokus, Pokus, Skiokus." Then proceed by the shortest route home. On the seventh night, however, you must place ten pounds of dynamite in the squirrel's hole and light it with a match, taking pains to see that the blaze has caught before you move. A loud detonation will follow this and the tree will no longer be present.

Now proceed directly thirty-three steps to the southwest of the spot where the tree had stood and search carefully in the underbrush until you find the squirrel's fourth tooth in the top row to the left of the center. Wrap this up carefully in a cobweb handkerchief and

go to the nearest jeweler immediately. There have him set it in a platinum ring surrounded by seven fourteen-karat diamonds. Now that this has been done you have accomplished the hardest part of your work. With this ring you temporarily have the world at your feet. For instance, if you have ten pages of Physics to prepare, merely tear the ten pages out of your book and have them engraved on a stone tablet. Then secure a camera which will take a picture of this tablet, being sure, however, that the dimensions of the picture are one one-hundredth of an inch by one one-thousandth of an inch. Now with a drill bore a hole in the tooth in which this picture will exactly fit. Next place the ring in a dark room, where it must remain for thirteen days undisturbed, except once every day at one minute after one a violent ray must be focused on it; this will leave an impression on the tooth. On the thirteenth day after uttering the mystic charm, "Ibbity, Bibbity, Zibbity Zab, Kanarble," you must remove the photograph and immerse the ring in a salt solution, where it must remain an additional three days. During these three days you must learn the ten pages by heart, taking pains to look up anything that you do not understand. At the end of the third day remove the ring and place it on a black velvet cloth. Now place yourself in front of it and concentrate your mind on the lesson you wish it to learn. Repeat this lesson twenty times in a monotone, for the tooth must have a very vivid impression made on it. Finally you must set the lesson to a popular tune and have twenty records made of it. Place each of these records on a victrola (the victrolas must be arranged before the enshrined tooth in a semicircle) and play them simultaneously. After playing these twenty times the tooth is fully prepared. Slip the ring on your finger and go to class. Let any question be asked, and if you do not know it by this time, speak softly to your ring and say:

"Oh, platinum ring, with the squirrel's fourth tooth, Answer this question with mystic truth."

Now work your mouth as if you are talking and the ring will do it all. Naturally, if you don't get

(Continued on page 15.)

Mental Gym
Give me a p
I will I were
Grade schoo
I'd quit, get
driver
Of trucks,
And let all
Go play dra
ducks,
I'd use the
gramma
I possibly
I'd use doub
Honest I wo

RE HEAD

Scare Number Three

Mystery Remains Unsolved—Six Reporters Lost

The blue lights of the basement shown dimly o'er the stooping forms huddled in the corner. From the midst of these forms came a jingling, jangling noise, such a noise as might accompany the rattling of money, *especially pennies*. Now and then a head would turn quickly around and cast a furtive glance over the basement, again came the peculiar noise, and strange to say each one was followed by an ejaculation in a language of which the pupils of Eastern are not supposed to know. Our reporter, ensconced in a niche in the wall, was sorely puzzled. For the last three weeks this strange assembly had met here at noon, and each day the same performance had been repeated. Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, our reporter stepped cautiously into the crowd. With abated breath he watched, the more he watched the more ex-

cited he became; soon this strange assembly had another member, namely, our reporter, who needless to say, lost his position. Another reporter was sent out; he joined also; another and still another; finally, the editor-in-chief in desperation sent the assistant editor, Ellis Haworth, to no avail, however, for he joined the crew also. There was but one course left—to send Miner K. Stout, the only eccentric at Eastern. He returned with his morals almost corrupted and resigned his position on the staff, claiming the temptation was too great. And this incident, as many other things, will go down in the annals of history as an unfathomable mystery. For no one knows that it was a game that this crowd was indulging in, and that game called

Odd Man Wins

The Spring Play

Rumor has it that the Spring Play is called "The Romancers." We are breathlessly awaiting this production of "Love." In the meantime, we are stocking up on eggs (over-ripe), cabbages, turnips, carrots, and various other vegetables. The cast doesn't know whether these things are to be used as ammunition or given as a tribute. They will find out on the nights of the 11th and 12th of April, however.



New Books for Eastern High Library

The following books have been ordered by Miss Boyd for the Eastern High School Library, upon the recommendation of the Faculty at a recent teachers' meeting:

- "Corrections on Burke," by E. Haworth.
- "How to Be an Athlete," by Benner.
- "Where, oh, where, can Willie (Thomas) be?" by J. Becker.
- "First Lessons in Boxing," by E. Virnstein.
- "Dancing as a Vocation," by M. Stout and M. Smith.
- "Cowboys and Indians," by Beebe.
- "Robb or Stancil," by S. Dane.
- "Reports on Fish(er)," by L. Chapin.
- "Robert, the Brother of Edward," by E. Kullman,
- " " by B. Hardy.

Will It Revolutionize Studying?

(Continued from page 14.)

caught you get an "E," but woe be unto you if you are caught. A new claw must be gotten for each new lesson, and the same process must be repeated. The name the inventors have decided on is "Simplicimus," because it is so simple and inexpensive.

The student body of Eastern High School rise as one man in pleasure (???????) to greet this new and marvelous work of Messrs. LaSalle, Shreve and Higgins. It shows the clear thinking and fine reasoning powers characteristic of those three extraordinary beings.



Remarkable Events

- January 7—Burns got to school on time.
- January 10—Miss Shelp forgot to give out the lesson. Emma left her "smile" at home.
- January 17—Engel found his way to the Camp Fire party without Havener.
- January 16—After the usual tumult in Room 8 an actual dove lighted on the window sill to negotiate peace with the boys' side of the room. (?)
- January 24—Beebe came in the door without stumbling.

The Four Square Club

With the nation-wide drive to organize the girlhood of America has come the Four Square Club. Its four-fold attempt to promote the purpose, health, scholarship, and service of the individual girl is set forth in the name. This organization has a live bunch of girls in its branch at Eastern.

The officers are Dorothy Rohrer, president; Cecilia Fitzgerald, secretary, and Irene Ford, treasurer.

The girls have had two hikes, since they are to obtain their health honor in the ability to walk seven miles without tiring. They have done splendid work work in the Red Cross field, nor are their labors confined to the past. At the big Red Cross serving bee in Miss Van Doren's room the Four Square Girls had the second highest number present.

The girls are busy preparing for a Valentine party, which is to take place February the 14th, at Dorothy Rohrer's home.

The Minute Girls

This club is another one of the new patriotic organizations of a nation-wide movement. The president is Miss Mary Kirby, the secretary, Miss Margaret Parkman, and treasurer, Miss Mildred Mockabee.

At the last ceremonial meeting the girls had a mock initiation. Their mysterious doings can not be related here, but anyone may ask Mildred Mockabee what happened to her nose, or ask the Burrows child what she did to make everyone groan when she entered the meeting. Miss Merrill might be persuaded to tell of her own harrowing experience.

The girls are planning a picnic up the canal for February 1st. They are also looking forward to a party that will probably take place Valentine's Day. They are devoting their time to Basketball, as they hope to secure their health honor in that sport.

This club had charge of the Red Cross meeting January 23.

Ocela-Desire Camp Fire

The girls gave a barrel of apples and oranges to the shell-shocked soldiers and sailors at St. Elizabeth's, that the boys' Christmas might be brighter.

On January 15 the girls of Ocela-Desire introduced the famous "Semi-Sane, Some-Phony Orchestra." Those instruments that did not appeal to the ears afforded laughter to those who merely came to "look on." The number of victims that came who were smiling and dancing would justify the reporter in saying the "orchestra" was a success.

Ocela-Desire and Tatapochin gave a joint party in the Drill Hall on the evening of January 17. The officers and non-coms of Companies F and G were spe-

cial guests. A number of well-known personages of Mother Goose were recognized among the costumed girls. Representatives of various nations were also congregated. Most of the boys were in the uniforms of the several branches of Uncle Sam's military forces and of our own Cadet Corps.

This party was different from most of those held here. We danced the Virginia Reel and played games. I think every one present voted a cheer of thanks for Miss Merrill's delightful entertaining.

Tatapochin Camp Fire

The girls of this camp fire are for the most part new to the work of their organization. They are picking out their names and symbols with Miss Merrill's aid. They devote their meetings to working together for the first rank, that of Woodgatherer.

The Senior Friendship Club

At Christmas the girls bought and trimmed two trees, and filled stockings with goodies in order that they might brighten the Christmas of two needy families. The girls felt the real Christmas spirit and enjoyed their own Christmas the more.

They gave a dance together with Nina Friendship in the Drill Hall on December 27. The dance was a splendid success.

On January 14 the club had a big meeting in room 20, when they took in new members. The main object of the gathering was to get acquainted. To promote this, each girl gave her name and told where she was from. Miss Birnie then talked to the girls.

On February 1 twenty of the girls are going to walk to the "Elizabeth's House" and have a luncheon.

At present the society is working on Red Cross work. Miss McNutt and Miss Van Doren urge you to finish the garments you are on now and to take new ones.

The president, Miss Bayly, asks the girls please to attend the meetings.

Nina Friendship Club

The girls trimmed two trees and made similar preparations for the Christmas festivities of two needy families. Their own Christmas was brighter from the realization that they had considered others.

On the 27th of January they gave a successful dance together with the Senior Club.

This group is also doing Red Cross work, and the usual charitable things their organizations have always done.

Miss Van Doren asks all the girls to finish the garments they have. The French people need them and are waiting. Do not keep those little babies waiting because of your neglect. ELIZABETH DUVALL, '19.

SCHOOL NEWS

On December 31 Mr. Burton R. Lowe, a former student of Eastern, gave a most interesting talk on Chemistry as a vocation. He told of the salaries received by chemists, and the value of efficient chemists at this time. He also told us something of smokeless powder, its process of making from the raw material to the actual powder. He told us how alert and accurate the chemist had to be in making this powder, for, he said, that the least mistake may result in the loss of many lives.

The Student Council had its election of officers, the result being as follows: Candidates for president, Miss Boteler, seven votes; Mr. Haworth, nine votes; candidates for treasurer, Miss Bayly, six votes, and Mr. Diegelmann, ten votes.

On January 6 there was an Assembly exclusively for the girls. It was to talk up the Junior Red Cross drive. Talks given by Dorothy Rohrer, Katherine McCauley, Mary Kirby, Charlotte Bayly and Elta Grabill were very much appreciated by the girl student body.

January 7 proved to be one of our best Assemblies this year. Capt. Hally Smith, a former member of Eastern, spoke of his experiences in France with the A. E. F. His talk was indeed entertaining. He told of hair-breadth escapes and terrifying experiences in the trenches.

On January 13 there was another Assembly exclusively for the girls. Miss Grosvenor explained to us the necessity of keeping to the right in walking in the corridors and going in and out of doors. We are all indeed very sorry that Miss Grosvenor has left us, and it is with the best of wishes for her happiness and success that we say farewell.

January 14 there was a fine talk given by Mr. Willrich, consul from the United States to Canada. He gave the requirements of a good consul, and explained the necessity of diplomacy and alertness, and of a desire to be always on the job.

On January 21 Mr. Daniel, principal of Technical High School, gave an illustrated talk on "The Value of Education." He showed the financial value of different occupations relative to the amount of time required by each. The Glee Club gave a very beautiful selection, "Allah's Holiday," which every one enjoyed. The orchestra also gave several pretty selections.

January 28 Mr. Warner, just back from his visit to New York and Brooklyn, told us of his trip, and of his visits to the schools in these two places. Mr.

Warner's talk proved to be very humorous and amusing. Charlie Lanham mentioned the fact that the Bank was still selling War Saving and Thrift Stamps, and urged the members of Eastern to buy more of both. The last and very much applauded speaker was Lieut. Knitz, one of Eastern's alumni. He told of his trip to France and England, and some of the interesting things which happened to him in those countries.

On the evening of January 30 there was a dance given for the benefit of the Cadets. Ice cream was sold, and the whole thing proved a success.

A Senior dance was given on February 21 at the Hotel Continental. It was not a closed affair. Everyone enjoyed himself immensely.

Miss Birnie, with the aid of the two Friendship clubs, entertained the Cadets one afternoon after drill. Hot chocolate and cake were served, and afterwards there was dancing. Everyone seemed to have a very good time.

On February 4, one of Eastern's heroes of the war spoke to us. Captain Sanderson, a veteran of Chateau Thierry, told us of his trip over, and what adventures he had on the other side. We are all glad that he recovered from his wounds, and is back in America once more.

February 11, Miss Van Doren gave us a fine talk on "Old Washington." Her talk was made very interesting by stereopticon slides of old and modern Washington, explaining the development of the Capitol building, White House, Pennsylvania Avenue, etc.

We had a good talk on February 18, by former Captain Richard Hynson on "Money and Banking."

Prof. H. R. Hatfield, author of numerous text-books on accounting, will give us an idea of "Accounting as a Profession" on February 25.

On March 7, a dance will be given under the auspices of the Social Council.

March 14 the Minute Girls will give an entertainment and dance.



Inquiring Rookie: "What makes Litchfield so tall?"

Soph: "Nothing in his head to hold him down."

Miss S. (studying French): "What does sis mean?"

Miss J. (studying Physics): "Cubic centimeter."

School Gossip

Ambitious People and Their Desires

ALICE ASHFORD—To conquer Math.

BEEBE—To be a wild and woolly villain.

MARGARET BURTON—To be a little girl again.

DAWSON—To be a regular Dude.

JETT—To be a second hard-hearted and cruel Macbeth.

B. HARDY—To go to Keith's all the time.

RIXEY TANCILL—To roll those eyes of hers.

MARION SMITH—To have a place in "Who's Who."

BIGLOW—To go through the world on his smiles.

DOT WILLIAMS—To study the art of laughing.

MARGARET DAVIS—To be a librarian.

LUCY HIGGINS—To give her voice to the cause of humanity.

CLARA BROWN—To become an orator(ess).

Cupid came along—and stabbed—somebody—and he hasn't recovered yet.

Charlotte, on guard most any night: "Down one more step and all is well."

Movies should be attended by night and not by day! So say we all; however—

Miss Grosvenor has gone to Canada.

Sob! Sob! Weep! Weep!

Hardy says there are other things catching besides the Flu. It's all your fault, Margaret!

Cecelia Fitzgerald, reporting on the Balzac lecture: "His father died of bankruptcy." (Marvelous!)

If all things were as thorough as Miss Gardner's exams, the world wouldn't be the same as it is now.

Lanham wants to be the lover in the Spring play! I guess he's capable and can make it appear real, 'cause—

Brewer to Burns: "I don't know why everybody turns to the *Scarehead* first. I like the advertisements best."

Margaret Bolen says that her favorite story is "Penrod." I wonder why! I guess it's because it has a Herman in it!

"Dot" Rohrer and Parker pondering over a geometry problem, were called down by Mr. Padgett: "Now put that game away, and listen to this translation." (And to think of Math. being called a game!)

Horrors upon horrors, Bartholomew Becker subscribed to the Junior Red Cross.

This world is a funny place! We can prove it, too. Our example is the "sanctimonious" Miss Tancill as a sub at the old school.

Robb says that he will be ever so tickled if Stancill gets to go to Annapolis. (There seems to be more than one reason, too!)

Have you noticed King's pretty neckties? Well, if you haven't, look at them while he has 'em, for his brother will be out of the service soon.

The little ones of Eastern Asylum were given an outing on January 30. They trooped joyously around the square. Everyone enjoyed it very much.

One little Freshie to another: "Don't you know that La Salle looks and acts just like a man I saw in the circus last year; I wonder if it's the same one

Litchfield says he likes to sit on the platform and make speeches, but next time he's going to talk on something that nobody else knows anything about.

Havenner, admiring Engle's new suit: "Yes, it fits fine, except the coat and pants."

(Havenner certainly has the eye of a critic, hasn't he?)

Emma, impatiently: "Well, I guess I will have to watch for her."

Elizabeth Kullman, inquiringly: "Watch where, on your arm?"

Miss Rives, who was valiantly trying to rescue her dill pickle which Miss Martin was liberally handing around, lost her balance and—ahem—er—it's a nice day out, isn't it?

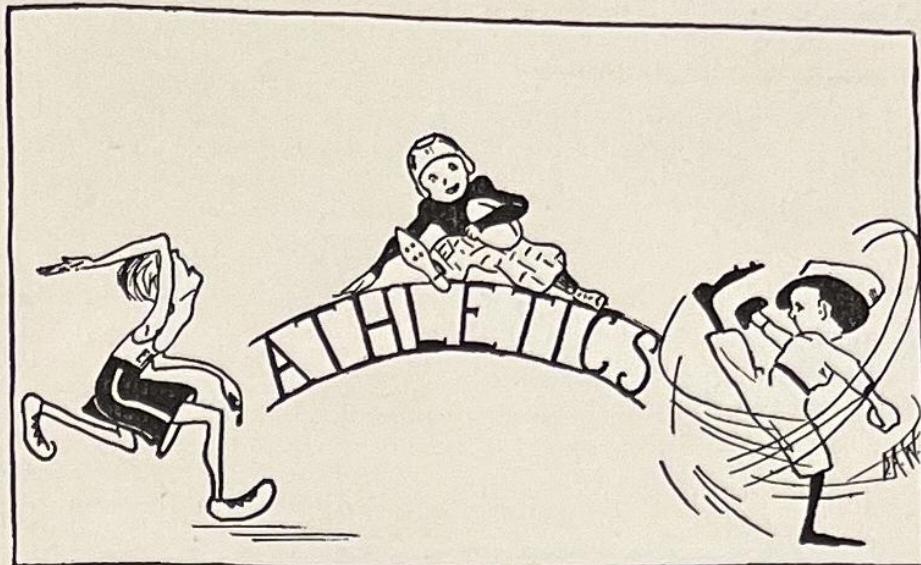
Mr. Padgett says that if he had studied medicine instead of the methods of teaching Latin, he would now be earning 40,000 per, peeping down people's throats. (Now, it's time to laugh!)

La Salle: "Miss McNutt, the class I was in didn't have that."

Miss McNutt: "Some classes don't get that far."

La Salle: "Yes, this was a dumb class."

One girl said, "I know I would like that Answer Man who writes crazy things for THE EASTERNER. You see, he is so witty." Here is your chance, friend Answer Man; go, and seek the fair maid.



Although we have lost all chances of winning the Championship, the team is still working hard, and showing the same old Eastern fighting spirit which is always found in its teams. We have only one thing to give for a reason that we are not on top, and in this everyone else agrees with us. At Eastern our ceiling is about 20 feet high and our baskets 2 feet lower than the regular basket. When we practice in our Gym, we have to make close shots and shoot low at the baskets, and naturally when we get on another floor we cannot locate the baskets. We have made all the teams we have played do their best to win, and then we have not been beaten by a decisive score. We should have won the game with Central, but we were without the services of two of our regulars. We should have won the second game with Western, but luck went against us in the last minute's play. Since the Business game we have been without the assistance of Capt. Al. Reed, who has gone to Delaware College. We at school wish him the best success while at college and hope he will not forget his old team-mates.

Business will undoubtedly win the Championship this year. Tech will come second, and we hope to top Central and Western. The standing of the teams at the present are as follows:

	WON	LOST	PERCENT
Business	4	0	1.000
Technical	3	1	.750
Central	2	2	.500
Eastern	1	4	.200
Western	1	4	.200

The Freshmen teams have been going along with their schedule and their standings are as follows:

	WON	LOST	PERCENT
Western	4	0	1.000
Technical	3	1	.750
Central	3	1	.750
Eastern	1	3	.250
Business	0	4	.000

It is interesting to note that Eastern does not bring up the rear. Keep trying, Freshmen, even if you don't land first all the time.

We lost our next game of the series in a scrapping game with Business by 25 to 12. We played a hard game, but were unable to stop them. Capt. Reed made 7 of Eastern's 11 points. This was his last game with Eastern, as he left after the game to attend Delaware College.

EASTERN (12)

(25) BUSINESS

Reed	right forward	Goetz
Meyers	left forward	Colburn
O'Connor	center	Williams
Dawson	right guard	Held
Briggs	left guard	Schafer

Baskets—Reed (2), O'Connor (0), Meyers (0), Goetz (4), Colburn (3), Williams, (4). Fouls—Reed 3, Dawson 1, Colburn 3. Referee—Hughes.

In our next game, without the help of O'Connor and Reed, we held Central to the score of 20-11. McQuade made his first appearance in Basketball and showed up well. Dawson made 5 of Eastern's 11 points.

EASTERN (11)

(20) CENTRAL

Meyers	left forward	Lemon
Robb	right forward	Dasher
McQuade	center	Wood
Briggs	left guard	Foster
Dawson	right guard	Newby

Baskets—Meyers (1), Robb (1), Briggs, Lemon (2), Dasher (1), Newby (2), Wood (1). Fouls—Lemon 8, Dawson 5.

We lost our second game with Tech for the same reason we did our first game. They made one more basket from the floor than we did, but made up for it

(Continued on page 20.)

Cadet Notes

Are the students of Eastern High School slackers? Are they loyal to their school and to their Cadet companies?

These are the two questions to be answered and answered right now. There are twenty blank files in Companies F and G to be filled in the next two weeks, and they can be filled only by the co-operation of every one at Eastern.

There are many good men for the Cadets and many good former Cadets now in school. All they need is a little urging from the proper source. Girls, this is your chance to show how you feel toward the companies. See how many boys you can capture to fill up those blank files.

We are now beginning the last lap of the race for the Competitive Drill. We have had an easy time so far, but from now on there is going to be work, and hard work, if we are to stand a chance on the Drill Field.

This year only three medals will be given in each company: Best experienced Cadet, best inexperienced Cadet, best corporal. With only three medals to work for, there is going to be a great chance for competition this year. It means that if a man wants one of those medals he has got to earn it, and with every man trying to earn a medal, Eastern is going to turn out two good companies.

So far this year we have only had one serious handicap, *absence from Drill*. That has done more than anything else. There never was and never will be a company that could afford to have from six to twelve men absent every drill day. Remember that the officers and non-coms can't win a Competitive Drill. It is won by the men in the ranks, and if the men in ranks miss every other drill day we are going to have a hard time here at Eastern.

The captains would appreciate some arm band designs from somewhere. They fear that the talent will not come from them this year.



Rifle Notes

A meeting of the Rifle Club was held on Tuesday, January 28, in Room 9 after school. At this meeting it was decided that Eastern join the National Rifle Association of America. By joining the N. R. A. we will receive 20,000 rounds of ammunition free. It was also decided that the Rifle Club should shoot every Wednesday from 7 to 9:30 p. m. At this time Mr. Stokes, who has been made chief armorer of Rifle Clubs and Cadets in the District of Columbia high schools, will have charge of the Gymnasium and

will instruct the newer members as to the best way to shoot.

Eastern is to enter a team of five men, starting from the first of February, and shoot at least once a week; that is, each man must shoot once a week, either on Wednesday evening or Friday afternoon. If a member is sick another man is substituted in his place.

From today on all shooting will probably be prone. The medals for the Rice Medal Match were received and exhibited to the members of the club.



Basketball

(Continued from page 19.)

in shooting fouls. O'Connor, Meyers and Gosnell did most of the scoring. Benner made his first appearance in this game and showed up well.

	TECHNICAL
EASTERN	
Meyers	right forward,.....Gosnell
O'Connor	left forward.....Aaranson
McQuade	center.....Loehler
Briggs	left guard.....Latiner
Dawson	right guard.....Winkjer

Baskets—Meyers, O'Connor (2), Dawson, Gosnell (4), Loehler (1). Fouls—Meyers 2, Dawson 2, Gosnell 11. Robb for O'Connor, Benner for Dawson.

We lost our second game with Western in one of the fastest games of the series. The teams were about evenly matched and it was a battle royal all the way through, with Western coming on top in the last minute of play. The score was 16 to 14. The whole team played together in this game and we did not have any individual work.

	WESTERN
EASTERN	
Meyers	left forward.....Wright
O'Connor	right forward.....Altemus
McQuade	center.....Herron
Briggs	left guard.....Burke
Dawson	right guard.....Arrond

Baskets—Meyers, Dawson, O'Connor (2), Wright, Altemus, Herron (2). Fouls: Dawson 5, Herron 7.

We won from St. Albans in a fast game by the score of 10 to 9. Myers, O'Connor and Dawson did the scoring for Eastern.

We defeated Georgetown Preps in our Gym by 20 to 11. Every one on the team took part in the scoring and in the game.

The next thing on the program in athletics is Baseball. Practice will begin very soon now, as the series will open April 18, which is a rather early date. We should have a good team in Baseball (no kidding). We have five back from last year's team, and are expecting the arrival of "Dutch" Fridinger and Waldorf, who are in the Aviation Corps. Freddie Owens is also expecting to come back to help us out.



The Signal—You have some good jokes.

The Sentinel, Dunbar High School, Leisenring, Pennsylvania—"The Telegram" and "Margaret's Dream" are interesting little stories. We like the arrangement of your materials.

The Signal—Your paper surely is well supported by advertisements. We do not like the idea of scattering them all through the book. Your department, "School Life," is very entertaining.

Maroon and White, Bay Ridge High School—Your Senior number is very interesting, with its humorous class comments and class history. Your art gallery contains some good portraits.

Newport Recruit—Your paper is very original and quite different from any other that we receive. We are glad to hear about our splendid Navy, of its work and its play. The nautical illustrations are good.

The Zonian, Balboa, Canal Zone—My! what an extensive exchange and art department you have. You seem to have considerable literary talent; why not add more long stories? Your short productions are so good that you could risk something bigger.

The Evening School Voice would be greatly improved by longer stories. The article, "With the World at War," shows that you are keeping abreast with the times. The Exchange is exceedingly original.

The Nautilus—You must have a number of Virgils in your school, judging from the amount and quality of your poems. More stories would improve your paper.

The Gleam is an attractive paper with a pretty cover design, well arranged advertisements and interesting stories, but oh! the jokes. They are woolly with age.

The Comet—After glancing through this paper, I found it so interesting I read the whole thing from cover to cover. The numerous cuts and jokes greatly add to its attraction. The story, "Vive L'Amérique," is very stirring. We do not like the position of your staff.

The Westerner—"The Black Ace" appeals to us at this time when our boys are returning from "Over There." Your jokes are spicy and well chosen.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of.

The Totem.

The Criterion.

The Tattler.

The Virginian.

The E. L. H. S. Cracle.

Jones: "When I die, I wish to be burned in a fireplace."

Mr. Noll: "Why so?"

Jones: "So my ashes will mix with those of the grate."—*Westerner*.

Miss Neuhaus: "Name a New York jewelry store." Carroll Brown: "Woolworth's."—*The Comet*.

Jones: "My uncle has a wooden leg, Ed."

Wheeler: "Aw, that's nothing; my sister has a cedar chest."—*Westerner*.

There has been a great deal of discomfort in the past month caused by "Spanish Influences."—*Exchange*.

Dear Beatie: What can I do to be popular? I would rather be popular than anything else.

First of all, act as though you own the whole building. Wear heels at least 3 inches high. Comb your hair back from your face. Be sure you have a spit curl over your left eye. You can dye your hair any desired shade. Get the dye at any up-to-date hardware store. Complexions and eyebrows come in boxes. Perhaps the Art Course could help you apply them. This will surely make you popular. For example, note certain prominent Seniors.—*Exchange*.

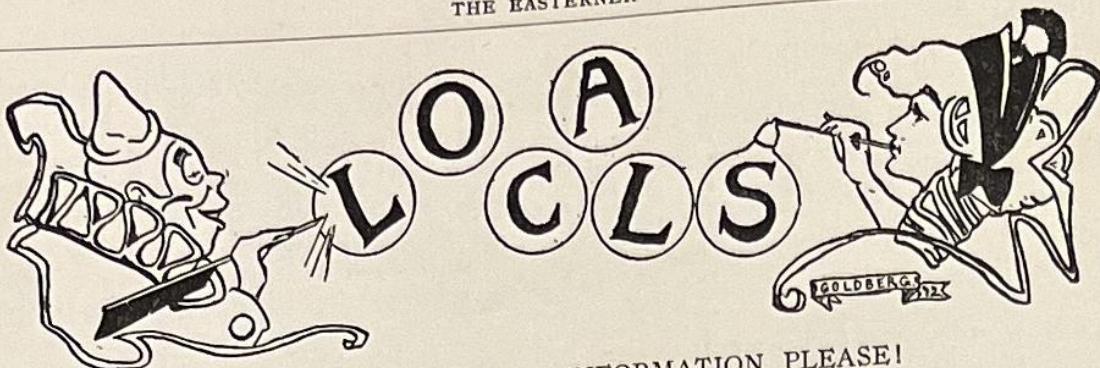


Alumni Notes

Mr. Roy Helton, '04, a former editor of THE EASTERNER, has recently published a second volume of poetry entitled "Outcasts in Beulah Land," which has been quite favorably received.

Marian Watson, '16, is in training at Walter Reed Hospital to become a nurse.

Deaths: Jessie L. Callaway, '09; Ethelyn Callaway Early, '10.



FOR LATIN SHARKS ONLY

Pueribus kissibus
Sweeta girlorum;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanna sommorum.

Pateribus girlibus
Enter parlorum;
Kickibus pueribus,
Exit duorum.

Nightibus darkibus,
Nonnus lamporum;
Climbibus fencibus
Breechibus torem.

—“*The Harbinger.*”

WANTED—By Vermillion and Trainor—Jobs as Associate Professors of Latin. For particulars see Miss Johnson.

Ruth: Nettie, how much do you weigh?

Nettie: — pounds.

Ruth: Why last semester you weighed — pounds.

Nettie: Well, don't you think it's about time I was gaining another pound?

Personal

LORD is recovering from a very bad case of Polynesian feet. At one time the doctors were very anxious for his safety, as they thought the disease was going to develop into phenomena (pneumonia). It is said that this disease often leaves the patient with a stamina (stammer) in his speech, but we hope A. Lord will get along all right.

In Physics—Miss Metzeroth asked a question about work, while subbing, and Beebe answered correctly.

Havener: “If Beebe is right, what he said was just what we were going to say.”

Miss Birtwell: “Mr. Newton, where does the beat come in a foot of iambic pentameter verse?”

Newton (quickly): “It comes either on the second word, or on the one after the first.”

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

WANTED—Any new slang, by Parker.

WANTED—A Chess Club at Eastern, by Lanham.

WANTED—The Orchestra at every Assembly, by all.

WANTED—Most anything, by *The Scarehead* editors.

WANTED—An efficient Bank staff, by Mr. Warner.

WANTED—To become upper classmen by the Freshmen.

WANTED—Another speech from LaSalle, by the boys.

WANTED—A course in Physics without problems. Engel

WANTED—A book on non-essential arguments, by Burns.

WANTED—A loan of five shillings by Miner Kennedy Stout.

WANTED—A new Eastern High School, by all Southeast.

WANTED—A Mathless, Chemistryless, Englishless, Frenchless day, by most everybody.

WANTED—A performer on the clarionet and a performer on the 'cello, by Mrs. Byram.

WANTED—A bit of the superfluous energy of the editors of the *Breezy Gazette*, by THE EASTERNER staff.

WHEN shall we get our dear reports again? We want to take them home to show our E's (D's) to mama, then she will give us 11 cents to go to the moving pictures.

MISS TANCIL would like to know when Eastern (O'Connor) and Western (Herron) play another Basketball game. (We wonder where Parker is these days.)

THE SENIOR GIRLS want to know when Lord Litchfield, Brewer, Kaufman, Kannigieser, Haworth, Beebe, and Stout are going to learn how to dance. (On Class Night.)

Mabel Jones has been caught with a beau (bow) now.

Little Searl ran into a girl last night. Can't you see the bandages?

Emma Thompson spends most of her time laughing at folle Evelyn Rearick.

Emma Thompson is the spark in the Science Class that lights the road to destiny.

Mary Land borrowed a piece of paper from a girl and I know she will never pay her back.

Evelyn Rearick has a watch which tells lies. Her papers are very prettily decorated with erasers.

At 15 minutes of three Febrey startled the studious typist in room 1 by falling most gracefully on the Ball Room Floor.

Edited in Room 3.

Watch out! Something serious is going to happen between Febrey and Phoebe Atchinson.

This is the last edition of the *Daily Howl*, because it was suddenly put out of commission by Mr. Hart. (This is sad news for a thriving paper.)

Don't you think those Freshies are wonderful dancers? I believe we better start a dancing class and implore them to teach us poor Seniors.

Buddy: "It always seems that the biggest rough-necks get the prettiest girls."

Rixey: "Now, Buddy, you are trying to flatter me."

My, my, it is funny how a blooming nickel can make such a lot of trouble. Miss Martin says she shall never borrow, beg or steal a nickel again. And she is off library books forever.

Mr. Suter, showing Chemistry class a collection of the largest diamonds ever found.

Class talks: "My, but ain't they sweet."

Miss Martin: "Mr. Suter, are they the real stuff?"

Mr. Suter: "Snavely, where does graphite come from?"

Snavely: "Why, from Ceylon Island."

Mr. Suter: "Where is that?"

Snavely: "Why, I think off the coast of New England somewhere."

Miss Rives: "Helen, I have an awful pain around my heart."

Miss Carroll: "Look here, Ruth, what's wrong with you? Who are you in love with now? I can't understand all these heart-aches and longing eyes you've had for the last week."

Miss Rives: "It's perfectly simple, my dear. Indigestion always makes me this way."

Miss Shaver to Miss Weber: "I just heard you have had a ten-hour trip in a balloon."

Miss Weber (a very talkative young person): "Yes, it was wonderful, the balloon soared upward with the motion of a nightingale. Oh, the sky, baby blue, with little white lambs floating around. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Oh, just to think that I have been—"

Miss Shaver: "Umph! I don't wonder the poor balloon stayed up ten hours; if you had talked much longer, the hot air would have kept it up forever."

Heard during Biology Exam.—

O'Conner: "Miss Wilkins, how do you spell that thing that covers the gills?"

Miss Wilkins: "The operculum?"

O'Conner: "Yes'm, that's it" (taking his seat without waiting to have it spelled).

APPLY to Marion Graves for the latest fashions in hair dressing. Hours: Any time after she has dressed her own.

APPLY to Irene La Salle for fancy and modern dancing lessons. Hours: Any ol' time. Listen for a loud voice and a funny laugh and you will locate your wonderful dancing teacher.

APPLY to E. Rearick for free Arithmetic Examples.

Hours, 9 to 3. Refer to 9b2 Program for her whereabouts between these hours in E. H. S. rooms.

Miss Martin: "I dreamp't I was in a very warm place last night, but I had easy work. I only had to put coal on the fire once a day."

Miss Carroll: "I had a dream, too, but I was busy all day. I had to hang out the sun, the moon and the stars."

Miss Martin: "How was that?"

Miss Carroll: "You see, where I was there weren't as many people as where you were."

I am sincerely sorry that I can write nothing about Mr. Riodan, but he is still the same size.

THE EDITOR OF ROOM 3.

"Revenge is Sweet, But—"

GRACE WELCH, 10a.

Jimmy gazed ruefully at that portion of his face which once was a mischievous blue eye, lid, and cheek-bone and sighed. He tenderly caressed the spot with his hand.

"Gee!" he murmured, "ain't it a beaut!" It was indeed a beaut. A more perfect "black eye" could not be found. Pale yellow, green, blue, purple and black! Yes, it was a beaut.

A dance tomorrow night, and a black eye didn't exactly fit in with Jimmy's sense of the fitness of things. He pulled three crumpled five-dollar bills from his pocket and gazed fondly at them. Gosh! after all he had gone through to get them for the dance, now he couldn't go. If only he hadn't met his ancient foe on this day of all days and been forced by his conscience to square accounts. Well, he'd make the best of it. He would call Dolly, break the date on some excuse or other, and use the fifteen to have a meeting of his bunch. He had long been wanting to entertain the fellows, and now was his chance. But it was darned unlucky about his eye.

Mrs. Crane readily agreed to help Jimmy with his feed, and the next week was chosen as the time of the meeting.

"And say, ma, you've got to keep that kid sister of mine out of the kitchen, do you understand? I don't want her eating all the sandwiches and cakes."

Betty, a small child of ten, with freckles sprinkled freely over her thin, elfish face, heard these words with a sinking heart. Not to be allowed in the kitchen when there was a party going on. It was unthinkable! She glared at Jimmy darkly and went away to work out some plan of vengeance.

Mrs. Crane had heeded well her son's instructions concerning the feed and had bought and prepared accordingly. She surveyed the results of her labors critically. Yes, there was plenty for twenty boys. A huge bowl of chicken salad, a great kettle of coffee, five dozen hot dog sandwiches, two dozen little finger rolls, two large cakes, and—Mrs. Crane peeped out of the door to see if the two-gallon freezer was safe—ice cream enough for twice as many boys.

Jimmy stuck his red head through the door: "There are only twelve here, but that's all right, they'll eat everything. Be sure you keep that kid out of here. Where is she?"

"She's in bed asleep. James, you've enough here to feed an army, and only twelve boys."

"We'll eat it, don't you worry."

Mrs. Crane did not worry over their not eating it,

after endless trips back and forth helping them to more; rather did she worry as to whether or not there would be enough. Sandwiches, pickles, salted almonds, and coffee disappeared as if by magic. And whenever she came in with another laden tray, twelve faces turned expectantly towards her, and twelve empty plates, hungrily, speechlessly, begged for more.

"James," whispered his mother, "there are no more sandwiches in the kitchen. You'd better come help me get the cream out of the freezer."

Jimmy followed his mother to the back porch, pulled the burlap from the freezer, and thrust his hand into the ice. He clawed frantically for several moments. "Ma," he said hoarsely, "it's gone!"

"Gone," echoed Mrs. Crane. "Why, it can't be, James. I saw it myself just after dinner."

"Well, look for yourself. It's gone and my feed's ruined. "Hey," he added, "where's that kid?"

"Now, James, don't talk so loud. Betty is asleep and has been asleep since eight o'clock. You take this money and go get some cream at the drug store. Quickly, now, while I clear the table and cut the cake."

A few minutes later Jimmy hurried into the kitchen with a quart box in each hand.

"It's all they had," he groaned. "I bet that kid knows where the cream is."

Mrs. Crane hurriedly dished the cream, and Jimmy helped her serve it. When they had both gone into the kitchen, a tall angular boy rose, made an imaginary microscope with his thumb and forefinger, and examined the dish of cream. "Gentlemen, I really believe it is ice cream."

And Jimmy, on the other side of the swinging door, heard and blinked his undamaged eye dangerously. "If I ever catch the person who stole that cream—" His facial expression told plainly what he would do.

Let us go back, gentle reader, to a few hours previous. Huddled under the back porch of the Crane house were six dirty, ill-kempt looking children, obvious products of the Italian quarter several blocks away. On the porch Betty tip-toed to the tempting freezer. Carefully she lifted the burlap, cautiously she drew the heavy can out. "Hey, Tony," she hissed. "Come on and help me." The two carried their precious burden to their retreat. Amid muffled exclamations of delight, Betty gave each a spoon and ordered them to "lick it clean." Betty ate her share and while they "licked it clean," she talked.

"He thinks he's smart, not letting me come into the kitchen tonight and have a couple of sandwiches.

Gee! won't he be mad when he finds his old ice cream gone. Um! it's good. Rose, don't push Nick away, just 'cause he's little."

* * * * *

Mrs. Crane and Jimmy wearily climbed the stairs as the clock chimed one A. M.

"I'm sorry about the ice cream, James, but I think the rest was fine, don't you?"

"Yeh," muttered Jimmy, but visions of the tall angular boy squinting through his fingers flashed through his mind. "Let's see if Betty's asleep."

"Oh, all right, but James she didn't take your cream."

They tip-toed into Betty's room. A lowered light cast a soft glow over her features, seeming to make them angelic in appearance. Mother and son regarded her a moment. Then one eye of the sleeping child was carefully lifted.

"Oh, mamma," groaned the culprit, "I've been waiting hours for you to come up. I feel so bad. Seems like I'll most die if you don't do something. I think it's my heart. It hurts right here." Betty pressed both hands over a region where the heart has never been known to lodge.

Jimmy nodded his head emphatically. "Uh-huh, serves you right. Hope you are sick and wish it had been four gallons." And turning on his heel left Betty sobbing wildly on her mother's shoulders.



Another Happy Ending

(Continued from page 7.)

When the police had been phoned for, Fred sank down onto the davenport, realizing at last how exhausted he was. Harry, seeing his condition, wisely refrained from asking the thousand and one questions he was burning to ask, and while under this self-imposed restraint remembered what his errand had been. He rummaged through his books for a minute and then handed his friend a note addressed in fine old-fashioned script. "It's from the old 'M. D.,'" he volunteered.

Fred opened the note with fingers that trembled a little, and read:

"My dear Mr. Hunter.

I deeply regret the mistake I made when I handed you a report intended for Mr. Frank Hunter. It is my pleasure to be able to advise you that you passed your physical examination very admirably.

"Sincerely yours,
JAMES W. FLETCHER, M. D."

Without doubt the happiest boy in town that night was one who with face liberally decorated with court plaster, rubbed liniment into aching muscles and salves on bruises while telling mother, who had been at the house of a sick woman at the time, all about how it happened.

A Gruesome Dream for an Easterner

The Royall Prince called the King and a Lord to a council. "The Cook has Robb-ed me of my Hart," he said. "What shall I do?" Warner not to Burn(s) your Rice," they replied. At this junction a Ford came Rohrer-ing up the Hill, driven by a stout Monk. Wright Merrill-y it rolled through the Gates. "Parker in the Wood," the Gardner called, "Waite" screamed a New-man, "I can Seymour from this Brown window with the Tan-cill." He looked down to see a miner digging Graves in the Garden and far away a Fisherman was catching Trout. "I had more Grubb-s than this," he muttered. "The Dogget them," said a Grabill-ed Crow that rose from the Reed-s and flew away over the Fields. But at this point a Savage Cannon thundered and stirred the astounded beings in the Royall Hall. A Marquis came in to join them. He brought a girl, Albright and glowing in a Scarlett robe. The Prince Clapp-ed his hands and cried, "What Fairchild is this? I must be Dement-ed but how I Admire her. She has Freed me from the spell of the Cook. Put her in my Golden Carr and Carter to the Gray Stone castle in the valley." He patted her on the Cheek. But a Mooney Barber through he was her Boss and said, "I am her Suter. She Hester go with me." He Beck-oned to a Hardy Black Smith who chained her in a Jett black dungeon and to this day she cannot be found, High nor low, in Grosvenor plain through out the land.



Inseparables

Shreve and his books. (?)

Lanham and the point he would make.

Mr. Schwartz and his good nature. (We're glad of it, too.)

Corridor cops and their: "Keep to the Right."

Ernestine Bryan and Verna Smith.

Miss Bucknam and her love of essays.

The Boys' Glee Club and their nasal twang.

R. Burns and his constant request to go to the Office.

C. Waite and his "Blush of Youth."

The Basketball team and their pluck.

Stancill and his violin.



If you would like to know—

Everything—become a Senior.

Where Burns spends his evenings—ask anyone.

What Paris says about it—ask Stout.

How to talk French—ask Garry.

A Miner Page

[Miner Stout ought to have written this page, but he was too lazy to, so he asked me to do it for him. He told me that if he gave me the headings, no one would ever know the difference, because no one ever reads more than the headings of his stuff, anyway. I thought I'd better explain.]

I'm not sure what depravity means. Miner asked me if I believed in the doctrine of total depravity, and I said I guess it is all right if it is properly lived up to. He seemed to think that was funny. Anyhow, the rise in juvenile depravity at Eastern means the bad manners and morals of the Freshman class. I guess he means about the way the freshies behave in the Lunch Room, and how badly the rookies drill in the Cadets, or something.

I read an article about juvenile depravity in Berlin, that told how little Otto, aged 11, burned up his papa's haystack, just to be cussed; and how Minna, aged 8, when she was rocking her baby brother's cradle, obeyed that impulse and cut his head off with the carving knife; and how Wilhelm, aged 15, killed his pa with an axe and cut him up and carried him away in a wheelbarrow to an empty lot and dumped him with a singular lack of filial piety, whatever that means; and how Carl did nearly the same thing to his dear old dad, only he hid the pieces up the chimney and in the nooks and corners of the house. Still we never do things like that at Eastern, even to our dear teachers.

However, if Miner says juvenile depravity is on the increase, you can put up your cash on the proposition, and you'd better get the habit of keeping your books in your locker.

Sometime back, if I remember
Rightly, it was last September,
I made a great mistake, alas,
I went to sleep in Physics class.

When my report came in, ah me,
Marked on the sheet was Physics D.
The lesson for each lad and lass
Is, Stay awake in Physics class.

What is a serious business? At our age we shouldn't have any serious businesses. To Miner a serious business must be choosing a Spring Play, but to me, Spring Styles at Eastern is the most pressing matter. Hair down the back is becoming decidedly the thing, although the only safe rule is, if your hair is down put it up; if it is up, let it down. Smocks are going to be a new spasm at Eastern in the popular mock orange hues. All the advanced undergraduates

will be in batiste with a touch of gingham here and there among the conservative. Hair ribbons will be worn high and very full at Assemblies in the future. Powdered noses will be the same, giving the popular "six-days-dead-under-water" effect. Skirts will be more bouffant than ever. Ask Miss Merrill if it isn't a serious business.

Why doth the busy little bee
 Drink, pretty creature, drink.
My inner soul it seems to me
 Is colored awfully pink.

He knelt him down and made a prayer
 With many a tear and sigh
That his teacher give him at least a fair—
 Even as you and I.

I used to say, "I ain't gone yet."
 I flunked, I don't know how.
My speech is more correct, you bet,
 I'm teaching English now.

I used to use all kinds of slang;
 I daren't do it now.
I'll use good grammar if I hang.
 I'll try to, anyhow.

There is perfume in your hair of tousled black;
 There is mystery in your eyebrows, I suppose;
There is beauty in the freckles on your back;
 There is music in the mole upon your nose.

Students, self-cultivate yourselves in English. Every morning, before shaving, open your New Standard Unabridged Dictionary suddenly. Seize the word at the end of the first column. Pin it down on your blotter and chloroform it. When it loses consciousness you have added another word to your vocabulary. Then use it at the dinner table on the family and see if it spoils their appetites.

You can't be too careful in your choice of words.
 Can you differentiate between a yogi and, for instance, a stogie?

A yogi is a kind of a monk and comes from the east.
 A stogie is a kind of punk and comes from Pittsburgh.

How about this: If you can say "It is I," why not "I is it?" If you can say "I am it," why not "It am I?"

I want to take this occasion to thank Persis. If I had been top hole I would have written a beautiful page myself, but I'm afraid I had to be rescued this time. All I can say is, who would want a sweater rescuer?

MINER KENNEDY STOUT.

THE DIRECTORY

The Lunch Room is that little place
 Down in the basement
 Where Miner daily feeds his face
 Down in the basement
 Where all the hungry freshmen race
 Down in the basement.
 The Drill Hall is where the cadets
 Form in a row and call the roll,
 And keep their guns, and stay
 To march in on a rainy day.
 And at lunch time sometimes we dance
 And in the evenings, too.
 But it belongs if you ask me
 To Miss Grosvenor and Mr. Battersby.
 We have Assemblies once a week
 At which bad pupils often seek
 To do their lessons which they should
 Have done at home. I wish they would.
 And when the music pupils learn
 To sing "Smiles" it is there they earn
 The plaudits of bored Room Eighteen
 And in the periods in between

The orchestra rehearses.
 The Office is where wicked boys
 Who cut their classes or make noise
 Sit and repent.
 And just inside the swinging gate
 Miss Graham sits in all sorts of state.
 Wherefore her haughtiness and pride?
 Why, Mr. Hart sits right inside
 And Mildred guards the door.

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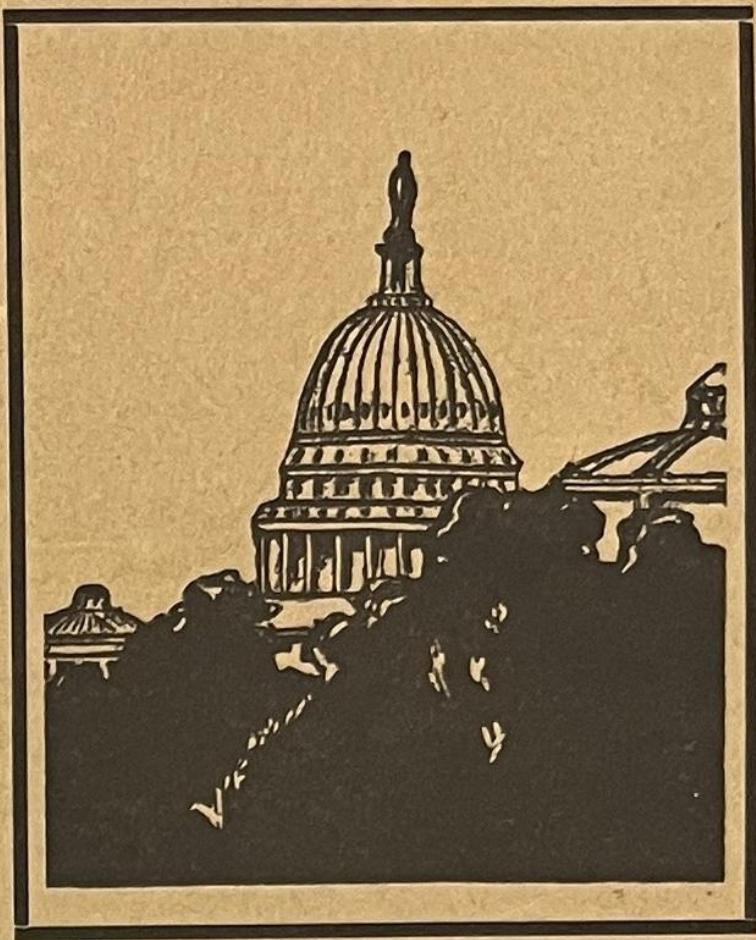
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highly resolve
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shall not have died in vain."

THE DEAD

Rupert Brooke

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Eastern Men in the Great War

1893		
Church, Herbert A., lieutenant, Engineers.		
Fisher, Henry, captain, U. S. Navy.		
Juenemann, George F., lieutenant colonel, Medical Corps.		
Street, Daniel Baen, captain, Medical Corps.		
Warner, Everett L., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.		
1894		
Brown, Harry L., surgeon, U. S. Navy.		
Meigs, Orton R., captain, Engineer Reserve Corps.		
1895		
Hart, James W., major, Medical Corps.		
Leonard, Henry, major, U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.		
Manning, Herbert, surgeon, Public Health Service.		
Pyles, W. L., lieutenant colonel, Medical Corps.		
1896		
Church, Clifford V., major, Judge Advocate Department, A. E. F.		
Copeland, Edgar P., lieutenant commander, U. S. Navy.		
Freeman, Frank Paul, major, Medical Corps.		
Gapen, Nelson, lieutenant colonel, Medical Corps.		
1897		
Hunter, Herbert, captain, Ordnance Department.		
1898		
Berry, George A., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.		
*Bostrom, Carl A., lieutenant commander, U. S. Navy.		
Church, J. Gaylord, captain, U. S. Navy.		
Covell, L. C., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.		
Fithian, Donald C., lieutenant, Signal Corps.		
Garges, S. J., captain, Quartermaster Corps.		
Ingram, J. Van Ness, major, Motor Transport Service, A. E. F.		
†Marsh, Benjamin F., British Expeditionary Forces.		
1899		
Bryson, Herbert J., major, Medical Corps, A. E. F.		
Evans, Richard T., lieutenant, Engineer Corps.		
Mundell, Joseph J., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.		
Parson, Donald, captain, Army Intelligence Service.		
Snell, Charles L., major, Infantry.		
1900		
Hilder, Frazer C., captain, Engineer Corps, A. E. F.		
Sanderson, Charles R., major, U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.		
Snell, William A., quartermaster clerk, U. S. Marine Corps.		
1901		
†Griffith, Thomas E., lieutenant, Medical Corps, A. E. F.		
Sullivan, Robert Y., captain, Medical Corps.		
1902		
Dinsmore, Robert R., lieutenant, Engineer Corps, A. E. F.		
King, Frank W., captain, Field Artillery, A. E. F.		
1903		
Conklin, Coursen B., lieutenant, Medical Corps.		
Jaeger, Ferdinand, ensign, U. S. Navy.		
Turner, Frank A., major, Field Artillery, A. E. F.		
1904		
Marsh, Allen J., private, Ordnance Department.		
Winter, Max W., lieutenant, Ordnance Department.		
1905		
Deck, William H., sergeant, Infantry.		
Dunnington, Clyde C., captain, Aviation Service.		
Farmer, Matthew S., corporal, Infantry.		
Lybrand, Albert W., corporal, Coast Artillery Corps.		
Robbins, John F., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.		
Weller, Michael A., captain, Quartermaster Corps.		
1906		
Craley, Vivian G., Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.		
Cressy, George G., lieutenant, Aviation Service.		
Field, John W., lieutenant, Ordnance Department.		
Oldham, Edward, lieutenant.		
Priest, Daniel B., lieutenant, Field Artillery, A. E. F.		
*Pyles, A. Zane, captain, Infantry, A. E. F.		
1907		
Handy, John Bruce, sergeant, Quartermaster Corps, A. E. F.		
Johnston, Horace, assistant paymaster, U. S. Navy.		
†Pyles, Richard A. W., sergeant, Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.		
Thompson, Russell S., lieutenant, Infantry.		
1908		
Calver, George W., surgeon, U. S. Navy.		
*Chambers, Charles E., corporal, Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.		
Clark, Bennett Champ, lieutenant colonel, Infantry, A. E. F.		
Evans, Clarence J., lieutenant, Ordnance Department.		
Llufrio, Albert V., private, Chemical Service.		
McCoy, Jackson, chief petty officer, U. S. Naval Reserve.		
Ramsey, Harold E., lieutenant, General Staff.		

†Sanderson, Richard O., captain, U. S. Marines,
A. E. F.
Weeks, R. Jackson, lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

1909

Farnsworth, John F., lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.
Handy, William U., field clerk, U. S. Army.
Havenner, Albert B., field clerk, A. E. F.
McCoy, Whitley, lieutenant, U. S. Navy.
Moore, S. Nobre, lieutenant U. S. Navy.
Papson, E. Taylor, sergeant, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
Ransom, Clarence A., lieutenant, Chemical Service.
Stockett, William, lieutenant, Motor Transport Corps.
Tyler, Edwin, ensign, U. S. Navy.
Weaver, Frank, captain, Engineer Corps, A. E. F.

1910

Crews, Clarence M., cadet, Aviation Service.
Harmon, Ernest E., lieutenant, Aviation Service.
Harrison, Forrest M., lieutenant commander, U. S. Navy.
Kuhnel, George D., corporal, Ordnance Department.
Manning, George C., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.
Murray, Patrick J., sergeant, Engineers, A. E. F.
Nottingham, Ward, captain, U. S. Marine Corps.
Roper, James Hunter, lieutenant, Engineer Corps, A. E. F.
Sanderson, John Melville, captain, Cavalry.
Schwartz, Herbert H., lieutenant, Aviation Service.

1911

Defendorf, James H., lieutenant, Sanitaay Corps, A. E. F.
Fitzhugh, Clark S. pharmacist's mate, U. S. Navy.
Frost, William R., lieutenant, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
Gibson, William W., sergeant, Medical Department, A. E. F.
Guy, Carlin, lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps.
Kintz, Elmer McD., lieutenant, Medical Corps, A. E. F.
Leland, Lenard J., Engineer Corps, O. T. S.
McCaffery, W. O., lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps, A. E. F.
McCormick, Thomas B., cadet.
Parker, Walter M., cadet flier, U. S. Marine Corps.
†Roper, Daniel C., lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.
Sanderson, Fred R., lieutenant, Medical Corps.
Simpson, Raymond C., lieutenant, Marine Hospital Corps.

Varela, Elmer, sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps.
Varela, Osmun, private, Aviation Service, A. E. F.
Wilson, Francis S., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

1912

Baldwin, Philip, corporal, Engineer Corps.
Beck, William H., army field clerk.
†English, Richard B., Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.
Garman, Allen D., U. S. Navy.
Keith, Raymond L., lieutenant, Motor Transport Corps, A. E. F.
Leland, Chester, lieutenant, Field Artillery.
Little, J. Frank, pharmacist's mate, U. S. Navy.
Manning, Wilbur O., lieutenant, U. S. Navy, A. E. F.
Mengert, Ulric J., captain, Coast Artillery Corps.
Patchell, Drury L., lieutenant, Field Artillery A. E. F.
Rice, Eugene C., captain, Medical Corps.
Schwartz, W. W., lieutenant, Infantry.
Smith, Stanley B., lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps.
Taylor, Sterling P., Jr., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.
Weaver, E. Clarence, lieutenant, Medical Corps, A. E. F.

1913

Armstrong, Marvil, captain, Artillery, A. E. F.
Barr, Eugene O., lieutenant, Ambulance Service.
Bixler, John S., cadet, Aviation Service.
Brockwell, W. A., ensign, U. S. Navy, Aviation Service, A. E. F.
†Buck, William D., Medical Detachment, A. E. F.
Dinger, Jean, lieutenant, Ambulance Service.
Duval, Russell L., lieutenant, Ambulance Service, A. E. F.
Flemer, George R., private, Chemical Service.
Lawson, Herman B., corporal, Infantry, A. E. F.
Leonard, Samuel J., captain, Engineer Corps.
†Lord, Ernest G.
Northrup, Lewis, pharmacist, U. S. Navy.
†Ogle, Ralph, captain, Infantry, A. E. F.
†Shinn, Herbert L., lieutenant, U. S. Navy.
Smith, Hawley A., captain, Infantry, A. E. F.
West, W. Reed, private, Ordnance Department.

1914

Armstrong, Egbert, private, Field Artillery.
Arnold, J. Reihl, lieutenant, Engineer O. T. S.
Cornish, Willis A., Ambulance Service, A. E. F.
Deck, Frederick W., lieutenant, Infantry.
Denison, Irving A., private, Chemical Service.
Dieserud, Helge C., lieutenant, Engineer Corps, A. E. F.
Eakle, Edward H., lieutenant, Infantry.

*Farnsworth, Thomas H., lieutenant, Aviation Service, A. E. F.
 Faulkner, Halbert, hospital apprentice, Medical Corps.
 Fisher, George M., yeoman, U. S. Navy.
 Fisher, T. Geary, ensign, U. S. Navy.
 Ide, H. Russell, captain, Infantry.
 Johnson, Clair V., lieutenant, S. O. R. C.
 Lawson, Edward F., sergeant, Coast Artillery Corps, A. E. F.
 Lutz, Karl B., lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.
 McCoy, David E., ensign, U. S. Navy.
 Murray, William A., lieutenant, Infantry.
 Pope, Lawrence F., ensign, U. S. Navy.
 Pringle, Alexander M., quartermaster, Merchant Marine.
 Rodgers, George C., sergeant, Ordnance Department.
 Stockett, Norman J., private, Infantry.
 Todd, David B., lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps.
 Watkins, Lewis H.
 Weber, Albert M., lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps.

1915

America, Howard E., quartermaster sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Breen, Joseph, yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Buehler, John F., yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 †Clark, Gilbert C., ensign, U. S. Navy.
 †Clark, Raymond, captain, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
 Davidson, Edward Y., lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps.
 Ellis, George S., sergeant, Medical Department, A. E. F.
 Ellis, Miner S., clerk, Postoffice, A. E. F.
 Fessenden, Herbert S., private, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
 Flather, Paul W., private, Signal Corps, A. E. F.
 †Fraser, Ralph E., sergeant, Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.
 Graves, H. Walter, private, Medical Corps.
 Howe, Chester, cadet, Aviation Service.
 Linch, Mark N., sergeant major, Infantry.
 Litchfield, Robert O., private, Medical Corps, A. E. F.
 Mansuy, Charles K., U. S. Navy Radio School.
 Masson, Don S., sergeant, Infantry, A. E. F.
 Mercier, Harry E., corporal, Quartermaster Corps.
 Powell, Douglas, ensign, U. S. Navy.
 Rice, C. Graham, sergeant, Infantry.
 Roddy, Norman, lieutenant, Aviation Service.

Sandoe, Main, ensign, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Simpson, Elmer.
 Simpson, Lester.

1916

Bagby, Leslie, lieutenant, Aviation Service.
 Barkman, William Ernest, sergeant, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
 Barr, W. Morrison, lieutenant, Marine Flying Corps.
 Boteler, Charles M., lieutenant, Infantry.
 Brooke, J. Morgan, lieutenant, Aviation Service.
 Burton, Robert G. private, Cavalry, A. E. F.
 Douglass, William B., private, Chemical Service.
 English, George W., lieutenant, Infantry.
 English, Thomas Farris, lieutenant, Motor Transport Corps, A. E. F.
 Flaherty, Leo M., quartermaster, Naval A. R. F.
 Garman, Wayne, corporal, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
 Gates, Thomas David, private, Infantry.
 Graves, Herbert C., Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.
 Greer, Frank U., lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.
 Gwin, William, ensign, Naval Reserve Flying Corps.
 *Hagan, James Frank, corporal, Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Horne, Edward M., yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Huestis, James H., army field clerk, A. E. F.
 Jonscher, Earl G., yeoman, U. S. Navy.
 Lanahan, Leo J., private, M. P., A. E. F.
 Lawson, James H., pharmacist's mate, U. S. Navy.
 McAuliffe, Anthony, lieutenant, West Point.
 Maier, Edward, Officers' Training Corps, Coast Artillery.
 Myers, Hilliard, army field clerk.
 Phillips, "Pat," A. E. F.
 Von Preussig, Mitchell, lieutenant, Tank Corps.
 Putnam, Borden R., lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps.
 Roper John W., ensign, U. S. Navy.
 Shreve, Clyde M., lieutenant, Motor Transport Corps, A. E. F.
 Steltz, Peter H., private, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Steves, C. W., corporal, A. S. A., A. E. F.
 Torrey, John Day, private, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

1917

Brockman, John Bryan, sergeant, Aviation Service, A. E. F.
 Burgess, Raymond, private, Aviation Service, A. E. F.
 Burroughs, Bernard, private, M. P., Canal Zone.
 Cook, Casper D., private, Infantry, A. E. F.
 Gallahan, Wilber A., sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.
 Himmeler, Willis C., quartermaster, U. S. Navy.
 Johnson, Henry M., sergeant, Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Jones, William, private, Machine Gun Battalion.
 Kephart, Richard, yeoman, U. S. Navy.
 Sherfy, John B., quartermaster, Naval Aviation R.F.
 Small, Willard S. Jr., private, Air Service, U. S.
 Marine Corps.
 Smoot, Theodore, U. S. Navy Radio School.
 Speer, Franklin, lieutenant, Infantry.
 Tull, Ray, private, Aviation Service.

1918

Chamberlain, Roy H., private, B. E. F.
 Cohill, Ralph, Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.
 Cummings, Albert B., Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.
 Dessez, Lester A., lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Donnelly, William J., cadet, Annapolis.
 Drony, Robert, yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Ellis, Alvis T., private, U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.
 Ledoux, Landreville, sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Marquis, Theodore E., corporal, Infantry, A. E. F.
 Reed, George G., private, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Roetschi, Charles L., quartermaster sergeant, U. S.
 Marine Corps.
 Sweeney, Francis, private, Tank Corps.
 Waldorf, Wallace, corporal, Field Artillery, A. E. F.
 Walsh, Edward M., machinist, Navy Aviation Service.
 Waters, Samuel S. C., corporal, Tank Corps.
 †Watson, Francis W., trumpeter, Marine Corps,
 A. E. F.
 Welch, Harry S., sergeant, Field Artillery, R. R.

1919

Blake, William H., quartermaster, U. S. Navy.
 Brimer, Thomas J., army field clerk.
 Fridinger, Norman S., mechanic, A. S. A.
 Rice, Charles E., yeoman, U. S. Navy.
 Smith, George P., trumpeter, U. S. Marine Corps.

1920

Adams, Harry, radio operator, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Bailey, Eldon L., master-at-arms, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Branson, Harry, private, U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.
 Burroughs, Spencer, yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Germuller, Clare, radio operator, U. S. Naval Reserve.
 Newman, Cybert, private, Medical Department,
 A. E. F.
 Waldorf, Howard, mechanic, A. S. A.

Faculty

Patrick, John H., lieutenant, Engineer Corps,
 A. E. F.

*Died in active service.

†Wounded.

‡Cited for bravery.

The Homecoming

Swift from the ports of France,
 Crowding the sea's expanse,
 Long lines of ships advance,
 Precious freight bearing.
 Out from the ceaseless fire,
 Up from the mud and mire,
 Home to their hearts' desire,
 Our lads are faring.

Nobly has Eastern's brood
 Their cruel foe withstood.
 Cantigny, Belleau Wood,
 Chateau Thierry,
 Montfaucon, St. Mihiel—
 Here fought they. Who so well?
 These names their glory spell,
 Their praises carry.

Everywhere Eastern's few
 Dauntless we find and true;
 Far in the airy blue,
 Deep in the trenches,
 Guarding, all drenched with rain,
 Driving to succor pain
 Over the shell-swept plain,
 Not a man blanches.

Now that their duty's done,
 Now the great vict'ry's won,
 Longs every mother's son
 For old-time places.
 Home and familiar street,
 Eastern!—the name is sweet.—
 God knows what joy to greet
 All the loved faces!

Speed, ships, across the wave,
 Bring safe old Eastern's brave,
 Lads who so grandly gave—
 Valiant crusaders!
 Soon in the old school hall
 Shall ye be gathered all,
 E'en those who heard Death's call—
 Unseen invaders.

Knightly Zane Pyles is here,
 Gallant Tom Farnsworth's near,
 Hagan and Chambers, dear,
 Dear beyond measure.
 These all their comrades led,
 These first have homeward sped.
 Welcome! O, deathless dead!
 Eastern's proud treasure.

Welcome! O, happy throng;
 Lads, we have waited long;
 Cheer them now, loud and strong!
 Fling wide the portall
 Welcome, our true and tried;
 Welcome, our love and pride;
 Ye who lived! Ye who died!
 Eastern's immortal!

A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

To My Friend—Dead on the Field of Honor

MINER KENNEDY STOUT

YOU are done, my friend; friend whom I've loved well.

They killed you far in Russia's snowy waste.
Where are the days of joy that we would taste
Together? Gone somewhere. Where, none can tell.
Under a berserk Russian's hand you fell.
They buried you beneath a wooden cross,
And counted you into the war's great loss;
And there you lie, your grave raked o'er by shell.

So nevermore those hands will touch the keys.
Those long, white fingers, delicate and strong,
Will never wake piano strings to song,
To soothe my spirit with sweet melodies.

You did your bit, dear friend—now, you are gone,
But your undaunted soul cries "Carry On."

**Honor Students**

After all is said and done the greatness of a school is found in its scholarship. It is the Honor Students of whom the school has the most reason to be proud for they are the ones who elevate its standards. Hereafter, honors are to be announced at the end of each semester. Those for the half year just completed are as follows:

First Honors: 75% E's, 25% G's

Second Honors: 50% E's, 50% G's

EIGHTH SEMESTER*First Honors:*

Hester Boteler, Anna Dennean, Mildred Graham, Alice Kelly.

Second Honors: Lois Lawrence.**SEVENTH SEMESTER***First Honors:*

Ellis Haworth, Dorothy Rohrer, Marion Smith.

Second Honors: Charlotte Bayly.**SIXTH SEMESTER***First Honors:*

Mildred Connick, Mary McKenzie, Ellen Simons, Marion Witman.

FIFTH SEMESTER*First Honors:*

Charles Lanham, Clarence Parker, Francis Thames, Helen Black, Alta Chaffee.

Second Honors:

Verna Smith, Faith Fairchild.

FOURTH SEMESTER*First Honors:*

None.

Second Honors:

Margaret Bolen.

THIRD SEMESTER*First Honors:*

Nellie Weishaupt, Elizabeth Whitfield, Benjamin Simon, John Larcombe, Helen Halsey, Myrtle Young.

Second Honors:

Glenn Newman, Houghton Clapp, Margaret Davis, Mildred Keith, Alice Swain.

SECOND SEMESTER*Second Honors:* Isadore Rodis.**FIRST SEMESTER***First Honors:*

Margaret Deener, Clara Kern, Catherine White, Cornelia Fries, Agnes Reed, Mildred McCauley, Dorothy Burns, Marion Hall, Elizabeth Hindergarten, Dorothy Pyle, Ruth Smith, Jesse Phares.

Second Honors:

Mildred Huth, Eva Lewis, Mildred Mockabee, Edward Moore.

**School Travels**

DOROTHY D. ROHRER

I can go every day on a long sea journey,
Far over the ocean's foam;
I may still see knights and perhaps a tourney,
Or a modern battle-field, vast and wide,
Where men of today fight side by side.
Say, will you come with me while I roam?

We will hear the wandering minstrel singing
In the land of the Fiery Cross;
We will hear the bells of a city ringing,
And gather buttercups dashed with rain,
Then away to the sunny hills of Spain,
Or an age-old forest hung with moss.

We will go for a ride in a Chinese carriage,
Or a sail in an old Greek boat.
We will go with a nymph to Dido's marriage,
And watch a procession in ancient Rome—
You say you will come so far from home?
Then away into bookdom we will float.

**Alumni Notes**

LESTER DESSEZ, ex-'17, is stationed in Haiti. He expects to begin sea duty soon.

HAWLEY SMITH has received his appointment in the Vice Consular Service and has sailed for England to begin his duties.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES E. CHAMBERS, a son. Mr. CHAMBERS is one of our Eastern boys who has recently died in the Service.

The Mysterious Obi

ERNESTINE BRYAN

"Now, Bettie, tell us a story," demanded Jane.

"All right, what kind of a story do you want?" was the resigned reply.

"Oh, something queer that you picked up while you were in China or Japan."

"Very well. I'll try my best." And, as she spoke, she closed her eyes in thought.

Anyone looking into the door of No. 48, West Wing, of Hildon Hall, one of the Dormitories of Miss Dimbarton's Select School for Girls, would have thought that it was an exhibition of the models of a kimono shop, for all kinds and styles of kimonos were displayed by the girls grouped on the window seats, rockers, floor, couch and bed that Friday evening in April. Foremost in the group was Bettie Dalington, who wore a blue satin Japanese kimono, which was very prettily embroidered. She had traveled to many out-of-the-way places in the world and had picked up a few unusual bits of knowledge. She was very unconventional, impulsive, and had a positive genius for telling stories.

"Girls," she began, "I am *very* superstitious. You will observe that the colors of the embroidery on my obi, or girdle, are slightly different from those in my kimono."

"I got the kimono from a member of a very ancient family, and she told me this about it. The kimono was embroidered by one of her far-distant ancestors, of the family of Yamokaru, and was not completed until a very few score years ago and was never used. But the obi was completed first and a charm was embroidered into it. The charm was that if the obi ever went out of the hands of the family while there was still another who bore that name, something terrible would happen to the one who gave it away or sold it, and a catastrophe would also befall the one who accepted or bought it, whether the recipient knew or knew not the evil he was incurring upon himself."

"The very last girl of the Yamokaru family married into the family of Tuji San Rin, and she bequeathed the kimono to her descendants. It was from one of these, Ito Rin, that I bought it. Ito Rin had attended a Mission School and disbelieved all the old Confucian superstitions and so did not hesitate to part with it when she needed the money to complete her education."

"But I was different. Perhaps it has been merely chance, but I have known of several instances of those terrible Japanese curses coming true, and I do

not care to risk having some old Chino's vengeance descend upon me. So I had another obi made and wear that one." Opening a trunk she searched a moment and then rose and displayed a wonderful strip of blue satin, five yards long and eighteen inches wide, which was beautifully embroidered with flowers and storks.

"I wouldn't wear it for worlds," said Bettie solemnly.

"Pooh," said Clarice Donnelly, contemptuously, from where she sat on the sofa. "I wouldn't be scared to wear it. A Chino himself can't frighten me, much less his ghost."

Bettie was somewhat surprised but she answered slowly:

"Very well, Clarice, you try it and see. You wear that obi and kimono to bed tonight and see what happens. It may ruin the kimono but I want to prove it to you that I am right."

"Very well. I'll do it," said Clarice with finality. "Good night, I'll see you later. Probably in Math class tomorrow." And she departed with the kimono and obi while Bettie slipped into another.

"Good night, Clarice," said Bettie.

Not long after that Bettie said good night to the rest of her guests and almost immediately slipped into bed and dropped asleep the instant her head touched her pillow.

She had been asleep only about ten minutes when she was roused by a knock on her door. Then Clarice's voice came from the crack:

"Bettie, dear, what kind of shoes and stockings do Japanese women wear? And how do they do their hair?"

"Well of all the things in this world to wake me up in the middle of the night to ask, this is the limit! Wait until morning if you want to know. Let me alone!"

"But, Bettie darling, I didn't mean to wake you up, and I just simply must know. Please tell me."

"All right, then; you'll find a picture of the way they do their hair in the little red book in the window seat, and the carved hairpins are in the lacquered box in the cupboard, on the third shelf. I shall not lend you my tabs and waraji because I know you can't possibly get them on your feet."

"Why?" demanded Clarice innocently.

"Why? Because the foot of the average Japanese woman is bound and is only four or five inches long,

(Continued on page 16.)

Weather:
Spring has come.

THE SCA

Bank Staff Is Fired

The following extracts are taken from the diaries of Hellis Aworth, Plarence Clarker, and Luck Banham. The faculty gives this as evidence in the unfortunate affair, the facts of which are familiar to you all:

Extract No. 1. DIARY OF AWORTH.

January 2, 1919.—I have just gone back to school, another year has started, and conditions in the Bank are the same. I would to the "mighty gods of Olympus" that I had never accepted the presidency of that Bank. My morals are being corrupted. I was enticed into a game of "odd man wins" by Clarker and Banham, and lost 4 cents. It is exciting, though, very exciting, so much so, in fact, that I found myself at times lapsing into the vernacular, frequently saying, "come on, baby," "come to papa," "what a pot," etc. I must be strong and show my will power by keeping out of these degrading games.

Extract No. 2. P. CLARKER.

January 3, 1919.—Aworth lost eleven cents today in "odd man wins." Banham lost seven cents, therefore I won twenty-eight cents. When I settled up, the cash in the Bank was exactly twenty-eight cents short. Funny, but I suppose it's a coincidence. Aworth is acting rather suspiciously.

Extract No. 3. L. BANHAM

January 8, 1919.—Well, I'm back in school again, my rib has at last knitted. I asked Clarker to be careful when he's exercising with those stools in the future. We've started practicing for the Glee Club again. Mr. Cart asked us to stop today for awhile, because there were several members of the Board of Education in the office, and they couldn't make themselves heard. He acted as if he were rather mad. I suppose teachers hear so much noise during the day, that they don't appreciate good singing when they have the chance.

Extract No. 4. H. AWORTH.

January 15, 1919.—I'm afraid that my reputation is slowly fading away, but it is an impossibility to keep order in that Bank. Ded Friegleman threw a stool at Clarker today, missed Clarker altogether, but it went through the glass partition, and didn't miss Mr. Cart. Mr. Cart lost his patience and said: "That sort of thing has to be stopped." I don't believe it's possible, no one can stop that bunch.

Extract No. 5. P. CLARKER.

February 5, 1919.—Banham and I were playing leap frog in the Bank today, with the stools. Mr. Cart heard us, and came out and watched us for a long time; I think he would like to have played. After a while he told us to come to the office. We went in with the stools, thinking he'd like to start a game in there. He didn't want to, though; I suppose he was tired. I know he likes us, 'cause he gave us each a dime for carfare and told us to go up and watch the order in the Business High School Bank. Well, we went up (walked and saved the carfare) and had a splendid time. They have much more room for games up there, and their stools are higher than ours, so we all had a good game of leap frog. They had another game that we had never seen before. They made a target out of a piece of paper, and then threw paper files at it. We are going to fix up one tomorrow.

Extract No. 6. L. BANHAM.

February 15, 1919.—We took the safe a short stroll down the corridor today; the poor thing's gotten rusty sitting in one corner so long. Mr. Harner saw us and told us it wouldn't be a bad idea to take it back. He gave us a dime each for carfare and sent us up to Central. Central's bank staff is made up mostly of girls. Every way you turn there's a mirror. We didn't learn any new games here. We walked up and back and saved the carfare. We didn't walk to save the carfare, of course; we just walked for the exercise. Mr. Cart is a competent judge; he knows good bankers when he sees them, all right.

Extract No. 7. H. AWORTH.

March 1, 1919.—Detweiler drew his nickel out permanently today; I think he's mad. He threw a piece of paper into the bank to attract Clarker's attention. Clarker threw an ink-well at him to show him he had attracted it. I wish Clarker and Banham would stop their singing every day; it's unbearable. If they keep it up much longer, I'll lose my mind.

Extract No. 8. P. CLARKER.

March 2, 1919.—We're not having so many deposits now; they're dropping off rapidly. Haven't the slightest idea why. We've been rehearsing on a piece called "Moonlight Bay" a good deal lately. I believe Mr. Cart can work much better when we're singing; it acts as a sort of inspiration, you know.

ONCE there was a Central High School boy. His nose he pulled forward. Oh! some fool. For two years morning, on the Box" thus. His nose always curled up, slow or fast. At the open third year, Central threw. There was no told him, he another room. Since the "C" was the needs must. But his nose lowered, until his lip. He found the fooled him these two weeks. And loudly he ed this fact and groans. For there he spirit that was unknown. He found some athletes, and that shown. Now that he and acknowledged mistake, We take him fold, and to make. A man in na in mind, a cannot rest, Unless he always well, then he his best.

RE HEAD

Scare Number Four

Extract No. 9. L. BANHAM.

March 3, 1919.—We've begun rehearsing today on several scenes from the "Marquis de Priola." I think Mr. Cart likes it, 'cause every time we start he comes out and looks in. We always stop then, because we can't act good when anyone is watching us. I'm sorry that we can't, because I know he likes good acting.

Extract No. 10. H. AWORTH.

March 4, 1919.—The blow has fallen; the Bank staff exists no longer. Clarker and Angieser were fired today. Mr. Cart sent for Banham. I don't know what he said, but Banham came back and wrote his resignation. Mr. Cart sent for me and I sent in my resignation, too.

Extract No. 11. P. CLARKER.

March 4, 1919.—I was fired today from the staff. I don't know why; I believe I haven't done a thing. Well, I'm back in the section room now.

Extract No. 12. L. BANHAM.

March 4, 1919. Mr. Cart sent for me and said: "Banham, you are fire—." I interrupted him there and said: "One second, sir, I resign." He didn't say anything. I gathered that he felt so bad over my resignation that he couldn't speak. I have only one regret, that is, I'll be dead broke the rest of the year. Oh! well, such is life.



From the Office Diary

February, 1919

To change, or not to change—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the Bank to suffer
The shrieks and errors of outrageous youngsters,
Or to take arms against the worst offenders
And by depositing, end them? To take the fatal step—
No more; and by this step to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
The Bank is used to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. 'Tis done! 'Tis done!

Thus ends their strange, eventful history
In which they pass to mere oblivion,
Sans games, *sans* play, *sans* fame, *sans* everything.

EXTRA!!!

We surely have got to hand it to Doc Leineweber for patriotism. Think of the number of barbers he let go to war. (He surely will get his money's worth when he *does* get a shave.)

The Army hasn't changed Dutch a bit. He still clings to his idea of loving all the women all the time but keeping absolutely free.

The pupils and faculty of Eastern were very agreeably surprised the other day when a handsome new limousine drew up in front of our educational establishment. They were even more surprised when our friend Doc Battersby oozed out. This limousine is the one he has been getting for the last three years. It looks as if his order had been promptly filled three years ago but got lost on the way to this metropolis. To be plain spoken, it is the latest model of the famous shock-absorbing Ford. It is all tuned up and produces a very pretty clanging note when in action.

Those good old days of Free Lunch are gone, but they will always live in the memories of the old boys that were here then. If a fellow felt hungry at noon time, all he had to do was step down into the basement on the boys' side and he was sure of at least a couple of eggs or oranges. I guess Mr. Warner still remembers his first free lunch.

A number of our heretofore wall flowers have begun dancing, but we are still waiting for the day when the Flying Dutchman glides around the floor with one of the many good-looking women that grace our halls.

Where has all the PEP that we used to have gone to? All the boys and girls walk around the halls just as if they came over here to learn something. "Never let your studies interfere with your school life." (From a speech by Miss Gardner to a 10-B English class, 1918). There seems to be absolutely no hope for Eastern unless some of the older fellows wake up, as this particularly dumb mob of rookies are straight from the farm.

If you think Dutch is lazy now, you ought to have seen him at Wilbur Wright Field.



It's Time

Father to Son: "Well, how do you like algebra, son?"

Son to Father: "Aw, a and z—d = Goodnight!"

The Mysterious Obi

(Continued from page 13.)

while yours is at least nine or ten inches long. Good night, Goosie."

"Just one more thing, please, Bettie, then I'll go. What kind of jewels do they wear? And may I borrow the hairpins?"

"The jewels," sighed Bettie, "are in the brass casket in the blue and red-topped eggs. You may borrow anything you want except my bed."

"Thank you, dearest, good night," said the elated Clarice.

"Good night, and close the door after you," murmured the exasperated Bettie.

The next morning, as Bettie was sticking the last hairpin into her hair, her door opened and in walked Clarice, with the kimono and obi over her arm.

"My dear Bettie, you are quite right, your obi has a 'terrible' charm woven into it. There is only one point, however, wherein I differ with you. The 'evil' is 'terrible' only in that it is extremely embarrassing while it lasts, and, when it is over, inexpressibly funny."

"What are you raving about, girl?" demanded the mystified Bettie.

"Merely what happened to me when I wore your beautiful obi, sweetheart."

"Well, pray enlighten me. I am dying to know. Don't be so mysterious."

"Well, I reckon I'll have time before the chapel bell rings.

"Last night, after I left you, I went straight to my room and sat down to study. At 10 o'clock the phone rang. It was Mary Duval, at the Masonic Temple ballroom, who wanted to know why I wasn't at the masque given there in honor of the Japanese Ambassador. I had completely forgotten it and had not fixed up a masquerade suit. Unthinkingly, I promised her I'd come right over. Then the idea of going in your kimono occurred to me. That is why I came and bothered you for the rest of the costume.

"I put up my hair like that of the Jap girl in the picture, and painted and enamelled my face like hers, as well as I could. The jewels were very fantastic, I thought, but I applied them all and when I was done I thought I looked like *some* Japanese girl. All but my slippers—I was forced to wear blue satin slippers with French heels and old rose butterflies on the vamp. I put on satin embroidered blue silk stockings, though, and it didn't look so bad."

"Oh, Clarice," groaned Bettie, if you *only* knew the kind of shoes the Japs wear what *would* you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know. To proceed, I entered the ballroom, late, but the Ambassador was not yet there. However, the little Jap servant passed me in the corridor, threw up his hands in amazement when he saw me, and, jabbering some sort of gibberish, flung himself on his face and did not get up until I had passed through the hall. I entered the ballroom. Of course, no one knew me, and I had a gay time dancing for a while. Then as I was standing between a King Louis XV Courtier and a George Washington, the little Jap came towards me in a gorgeously colored kimono. He fell on his knees and touched the floor with his forehead—"

"Hello, Bettie and Clarice, how do you find yourselves? Have you got your Math. done?" demanded Dottie Roland, as she entered the room without knocking. "What are you two doing?"

"Dot, sit down and listen," commanded Bettie, "and you'll hear something odd."

"Well, just tell me something I don't know and it'll be all right. That's my hobby—learning things."

"Yes, yes, Dottie, we know all that. Please be still. Continue, Clarice."

"And touched the floor three times with his forehead. Then he opened a gold lacquered Japanese box and unwrapped a pure creamy-colored candle. He lighted it, and as it burned it disseminated a wonderful perfume, like that expensive e-lang-e-lang, which we sometimes get a whiff of when we're downtown. All the while he was jabbering to beat the Dutch. Then he turned to the bewildered guests and said:

"'Bend! She is the most honorable descendant of the Goddess of the Moon. To her is due all homage. See! no can you read the signs on the obi of her? They are the sign of her most royal ancestry.'

"'But she doesn't look like a Jap,' protested a Mother Goose. And her eyes don't slant at all.'

"'She doesn't seem to understand the Japanese he is speaking,' added a Spanish dancer.

"All of which was perfectly true. I was utterly bewildered."

"But, Clarice dear," interrupted Bettie, "what on this earth did the rest of the people say and do while this was going on? What must they have thought?"

"I'm certain I don't know what they thought. They surely did stand there and stare like dunces," was the scornful reply, "as though they had never seen a Jap before."

"Just then the Ambassador entered. He settled everybody's doubts but mine. He looked surprised

and then came forward and kowtowed to me just as the little Jap had done. I heard the little Jap (who is very well educated) explain to some Americans behind me, that I was of the House of Chu Lun, although, perhaps, I did not understand the meaning of my obi, as I may have been educated in the States, but that in Japan I should hold a very high social position. I tried my level best to explain but it was useless. They told me I wore the royal obi, and none but royalty could ever own that obi, therefore, using my logic, I must certainly see that I was of royalty. All the evening I was attended and honored as though I were royalty, and I rather enjoyed it. The Ambassador offered his humble services and requested the privilege of an interview today, but I refused, saying I was leaving for Frisco this morning. He was very insistent and I was afraid he would demand permission to purchase my tickets. I really was in a terrible predicament.

"On account of the lateness of the Ambassador's arrival, the unmasking was deferred until 2 o'clock. I had a hair-splitting time of it to escape those two Japs but I managed to get out before 2 o'clock. Heaven only knows what would have happened to me had those two discovered the fraud, for it's said that Japs have no sense of humor and—"

"Gracious me, Bettie! Chapel was over an hour ago! We missed Math. and are late for Latin!" Clarice interrupted herself. "Let's fly. I'll race you two downstairs."

"Say, Clarice," said Dottie, as they flew along the hall, "do you reckon anyone recognized you? And how did you know the Ambassador was the Ambassador if it was a masquerade?"

"The Ambassador was not in costume, my dear. And I feel certain, at least reasonably so, that no one recognized me; and I sincerely hope and pray it is so, for I fear the wrath to come if that old Ambassador ever finds out the joke he played on himself."

"But it was funny that important Ambassador jumping his portly and dignified self around to suit my whims. And I surely did lead him one merry, merry dance. Bye-bye, girls. I'll see you at lunch. Thanks for your kimono, Bettie."

"Good-by, Clarice. I don't think I'll ever wear that kimono where there are any Chinos around, do you?"



9b6 boasts of a star pupil in Latin; namely, W. M. Weeden.



Mr. McPherson gave a very interesting lecture on his trip to California and told about the wonderful harbor he saw there. Ask him about it. He will tell you everything.

The War Correspondence Club

Among those who did their bit here at home to help win the war, Miss Gardner and her War Correspondence Club deserve to come near the head of the list. It takes a khaki-clad veteran to tell us just what the mail bag represented to him, when he was especially tired and longed intensely for home. The unhappiest memories that he has brought back are not the roar and excitement of the battle, nor the pain and horror of the base hospital, but the deep disappointment which resulted when the brown bag held nothing for him. Therefore, the girls who wrote so regularly and faithfully all the little happenings of their school world for the entertainment of the soldier across the sea, did more than they realized to get the Hun.

THE EASTERNERS, too, which the boys welcomed so heartily were sent out through the efforts of the members of this club. They collected the subscription money after school hours, and often with great inconvenience to themselves.

And back of it all was Miss Gardner. It was she who encouraged and persuaded the girls to undertake the work, and who kept them on the job when the novelty had worn off, and they showed a decided tendency to cease their correspondence.

It was she and Miss Van Doren, also, who, by their tireless and endless work, have made possible the publishing of the pictures of the five Eastern boys who made the supreme sacrifice and thus extend to their families and friends our sympathy, besides trying to express adequately our pride in them. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Van Doren, Miss Gardner and her club for what they have done, and to congratulate them on the very worthy results.



A Fable

There was a man who knew nothing of the world and its ways. He became ill in body and called in the healer of the East, and the healer of the East said unto him, "Thou hast gout. For fifty farthings I will make you well." But the man said, "Nay, such an illness as mine cannot be healed for fifty farthings." So the healer of the East went his way, and the man called in the healer of the West. The healer of the West was sly, as the fad is sly, ad he said unto the man, "Thou hast Vermicularium Tasicularius with cohesions of the upper right and left Amanariums. If I make you well, two thousand shekels will be my fee." And the man said, "Verily, this man knoweth his business," and he was cured thereof.

MORAL: A disease by any other name is often worse.

School News

There was an assembly February eighteenth, at which the representatives, or presidents of the different organizations in the school, gave short talks, explaining the purpose of the club or organization to which they belonged. The speakers and their subjects were as follows: Margaret Burton, the Girls' Glee Club; Dorothy Rohrer, the Four Square Club; May Hodges, the two Friendship Clubs; Elta Grabill, the Camp Fire; Nathaniel Brewer, THE EASTERNER; Charles Lanham, the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps in the bank; Allan Dawson, the work of the team in Basketball, and Company G; Parker, the Rifle Club; Hardy, the Boys' Glee Club; Tyler, the Boys' Council; Robb, Company F; Newton, the Orchestra, and Diegeman, the School Bank. Haworth acted as chairman at this Assembly.

On February twenty-fifth we had a musical Assembly; that is, the Girls' Glee Club gave several pretty selections, and the Boys' Glee Club showed the school what good voices there are among the boys at Eastern. Rixey Tancill spoke a few minutes on the War Correspondence Club, urging the girls of the school to join.

For the honor roll read on February twenty-sixth, see the list published in this issue.

On March fourth Mr. Blair gave a fine talk on the "Necessity of a College Education." Miss Gardner asked for a donation from everyone in the school for the purpose of paying for the printing of the pictures of Eastern's dead heroes in THE EASTERNER.

The Basketball team had a most delicious and delightful luncheon February twenty-eighth. Its success was due to Miss Scofield and Mildred Graham.

On March eleventh Miss Temple gave a talk on Interior Decoration. She showed us several posters, and explained the necessity of harmonious coloring.



The girls have finished their Basketball season. The last game was played Thursday, March thirteenth, with a score of 38-16 in favor of A. The teams were mixed and went by A and B. After the game we had a feed and had one glorious time. Three cheers for Miss Scofield.



Happiness Supreme

It was on a Friday that Nathaniel Brewer smiled all day. To look upon him one could tell that he appreciated the joy of living. But what could make him feel so happy on this particular day? Was it just because it was Friday, the end of another school week, or was it a condition of the heart?

No one knew, but everyone wondered, for Brewer, although always congenial, does not wear a continual smile as he did on this Friday.

His friends asked him why he was so tickled, but all inquiries brought forth peals of laughter—no response.

This procedure amazed so many that one person was commissioned to watch his every action upon leaving school to discover the cause.

His every move was observed. Time passed on and on until supper time at Brewer's. The spy remained outside, peeping through the windows at intervals. At seven, Nathaniel trotted out once more and made his way to the famous Geiger's Drug Store. There, he plucked from a dozen boys, one of his little playmates, and the two left the rest, laughing as they went.

Their destination, do you ask? Why, just around the corner to the movies. They went to see Charlie in "Shoulder Arms."



Questions for the "Answer Man"

1. Why does Jarvis always take the laziest way?

2. Why don't the girls in room three invite boys to their Friday night parties?

3. What makes Irma so shy about reading her papers in English?

4. Why is Mabel always late when she lives just across the street?

1. The reason Jarvis always takes the laziest way is that the laziest way is always the easiest way, and the easiest way is usually the shortest way, and the shortest way always takes less time, and Jarvis needs lots of time for all his lady friends. There's something wrong with my logic, but don't let that worry us.

2. The girls in room three don't invite the boys to their Friday night parties for the same reason the boys don't let the girls in on their Odd-Man-Wins games.

Savvy?

3. You've got me there. I don't see any reason why she should be. Irma, why are you so shy about reading your English papers in English?

4. There's no reason at all. Don't let me see you tardy again, Mabel.

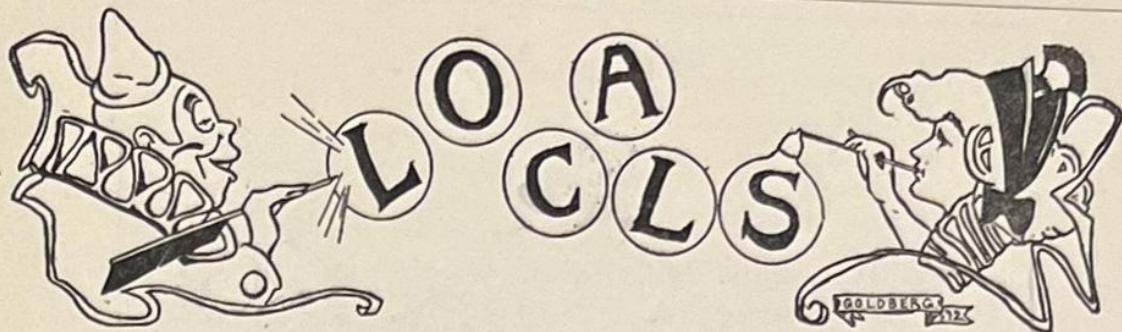
What's the name of that infant prodigy that plays the piano?

Reginald. My, ain't he swell, though?

It's a very sad thing to have your eye-lashes come out. Try this—take a hair from your head, sew it in and out your eyelid, leaving loops as long as you wish eyelashes. Then cut off the loops.

How can I make an impression on Robb?

I don't know. We have tried an axe, but it didn't make much of an impression.



Please don't separate Motyka and his glass of milk. He might cry, you know.

There is a certain girl in Room seven who ought to stop flirting with the boys.

We wonder why Marion Whitman only speaks to people she knows at certain times.

Better give it up, girls. Fowler doesn't want a steady girl. He just wants to tease you.

We wish we had a little Dodge roadster. Maybe we, too, could get the boys to go home with us.

Alta C.: "Next to me whom would you rather see?"
Havener: "Next to you, I'd rather see me."

9-b boy to rookie: "As I was saying to Mr. Schwartz, I don't like the way the Cadets are run."

Pringle: "I guess I can do it right."

Miss McNutt: "Well, if you don't, I'll—I'll—Well, I'll show you how."

Captain Robb (during drill): "Now, get those knees up on this double."

Whispered chorus from ranks: "Grr-r-r-l"

Miss McNutt: "Ford is ready. All right, now, start."

(And he didn't even have to be cranked up!)

Eastern is getting serious these days. Every day there is an argument in Room four on some phase of life. So far we have had religion, politics, and crazy people.

We, the members of Section 9b6, are left to mourn the loss of our departed dead, "*The 9b6 Comments*." At 1:30, Friday, March 7, 1919, a cruel person committed murder, and therefore wiped it off the board. Many attempts were made to restore its life, but all proved vain. Funeral private. Kindly omit flowers.

In History—Teacher: "How long were the senators elected?"

Furey (glancing at a well known magazine): "One Life."

Mr. Suter: "Why should all parts of the body be sensitive to touch?"

Miss E.: "So that if anyone should kill you, you would know it."

Miss McNutt was too seriously answering Gary's question to notice why the class was laughing; but this is what we thought she said,

"What is it, Dearie?"

One day a crowd of Freshies asked the dignified Senior, Dot Williams, to walk home with them. Dot blushed and answered, "I am waiting for some one."

Down the street came Litchfield!

Mr. McPherson, a member of the honored Freshman class, has taken as his profession "Elocution." Rumors say that, if one can induce him to perform, he will do so for hours at a time.

(Ask him to put you to sleep sometime.)

As told by a person taking the Commercial course: Willy: "Mamma, will you buy me a microbe?"

Parent: "What do you want with a microbe?"

Willy: "Well, I learned in science that they multiply rapidly, and I need one in my Business Arithmetic."

NOTE: The name "Willy" is assumed, as the person whom "Willy" represents does not want his name made public.



Boys We Have Known

Al Gebra

Jim Nasium

Mack Nutt

Frank Furter

Pat Riotic

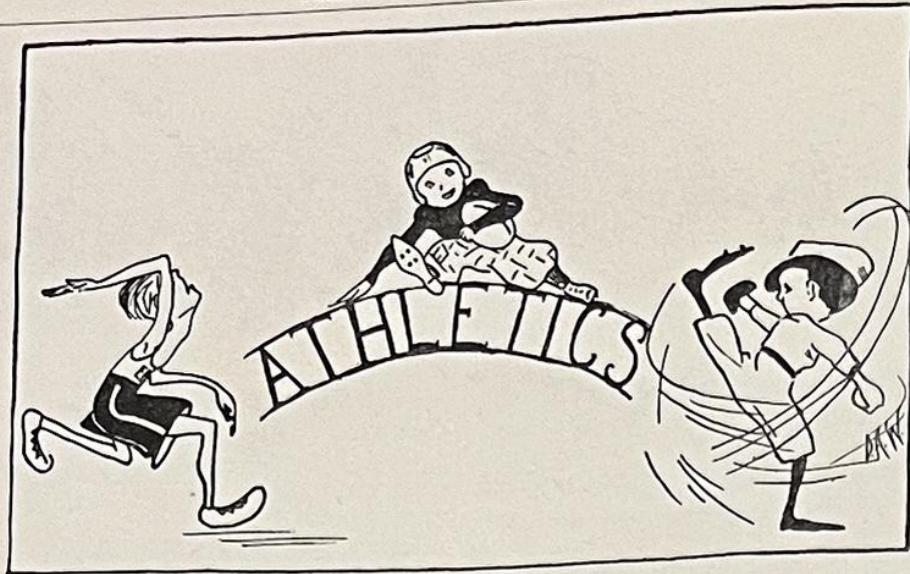
Bill Yuss

Ben Efif

Johnny Cake

Dick S. H. Nary

John Barleycorn



Although we did not win the championship this year in Basketball, we had a very successful season. The team finished fourth, and even if we did not top Central at third, we did beat them in our last game. This one victory over Central was a successful season in itself. Business, as was predicted in the former issue of *THE EASTERNER* won the championship. As they have one of the best quints in this vicinity, it is no disgrace to lose to a team such as theirs. The games were well contested, and were watched with a great deal of interest on the part of the spectators.

The school gave a feed to the members of the squad, at which everyone had a fine time. Myers was elected captain of next year's team, and he will have behind him three more of this year's team. Those to receive their "E's" are Briggs, Dawson, McQuade,

Myers, Robb and O'Conner. The standing of the teams at the end of the series was as follows: Business, Technical, Central, Eastern, Western.

The prospects for Baseball this year are very encouraging. Fridinger has been elected captain of the team. We all will have to stand behind him if we expect to do anything. Every person out for the team will have to practice regularly and faithfully. Do not come out for the team if you are not going to stick and work.

There will be a second team, and also a Freshmen team. All you have to do is to come to Rosedale, and you are sure of playing on one of the teams.

To have a winning team you must have the money to finance it with. Some of you have tickets, but the majority have not. Every person in school should get a Baseball ticket, and come out and support his team.

Watching for a Sunrise

MARY MCKENZIE, 11b.

The first faint rays of pink shot through the gray
And all arose to see the break of day.
For we who were in bristling city bred
Had seldom seen the sun except o'er head.
We were o'erjoyed when those first rays appeared,
For now we'd see a sunrise if it cleared.
But, oh, the mist grew thicker, denser still,
Until the pines and firs on yonder hill
Seemed swallowed up into that great unknown,
Where we had thought the sylphs alone might roam.
We gazed and gazed with hearts so full of fear
Lest we should miss the next ray to appear.
But, ah, alas, that ray was not for us.
Our eager hopes went up in clouds of dust,
For when at last that misty screen had fled
That saucy sun shone down from straight o'er head.

The Spring Play

With the Spring comes the Spring Play. The breath of Spring itself is in this charming little play, "The Romancers," which is to be given the eleventh and twelfth of April. "All the world loves a lover." The romantic temperament of the two lovers, Sylvette and Percenet, will delight the hearts of everyone.

The story centers around two attractive and romantic young people, who live on adjoining estates but are separated by a high wall. Their fathers pretend to be bitter enemies, so that the romantically inclined children would be more attracted to each other. The scheme by which they accomplished this is interesting and laughable.

The fact that Edmond Rostand, the writer, is a Frenchman makes this play doubly interesting, especially since France is so dear to us. He was born at Marseilles in 1868 and was doubtless the most dramatic poet of modern times. Rostand died last year after many overwhelming successes.

CADET NOTES



The last lap of the race for the Competitive Drill has begun. With less than a dozen more drill days ahead, Eastern's companies have their work cut out for them. And Eastern also has her share of the work, such as furnishing men to fill up those files that are still blank. There are anywhere from ten to twenty experienced cadets who have become athletic stars in the last year, and have therefore been lost to the companies. If just enough school spirit could be awakened in the aforesaid satellites to induce them to go in for something from which they will not get at least twice as much glory as is due them, Eastern will put *two full six squad companies* on the drill field.

If there is one thing that the larger and stronger schools respect us for it is our spirit. *Eastern Spirit!* It is not Eastern spirit to lie down on the job, and loaf

along until the last day or so before the big drill. Let's start working now while we still have a fighting chance! Just remember that out of the dozen drill days left, over half of them will have to be spent on extended order. That leaves only a very few to finish up on our close order work and get into shape for the Competitive Drill.

One thing of interest to the men in the ranks has been decided; we have Mr. Schwartz's word that our medals will be given. At one time this year it looked very much as though we were not going to be allowed to present them, but now the danger is past and we can breathe freely again.

Several designs for arm bands have been received, but any more from any source would be highly appreciated, for the larger the collection to select from the better arm bands we shall have.

"The Flu"

HELEN GROVESNOR, 10a.

The flu is the thing that's not much fun;
It makes us sneeze, and our noses run.
We are sent from school, as that is the rule.
If we get worse, Mother orders a hearse,
For the flu is a thing that's a deadly curse.



A tall, lean, lanky boy was leaning against the counter at Christiani's violently and noisily working his jaws on a wad of "Wrigley's Best." Just across the aisle a Freshie, who was short-sighted, stood spellbound trying to figure it all out. Finally his face softened, and he stepped over and tapped the lean one on the arm, and said, "Pardon me, but do you mind playing "Home Sweet Home"?

And the green grass grew all around.



Virnstein to Benner: "I wouldn't have said that."

Benner: "Virnstein'll get an E for that!"

It Often Happens in Miss Boyd's Domain

GRACE ELLIS, 11b.

A freshman stamped with innocence galore,
Made her debut in the library, we adore.
It happened such that she sat down by me,
Then started to add z plus y plus z.
The sum obtained, she justly thought was right,
Began to copy her homework for that night.
Poor little rookies, little do they know,
How someone hates the fountain pens we show.
You see, Miss Freshman's pen did badly leak,
For on our table was a wide blue streak.
"Be quick," one cries, "put something over it."
Now you can only see a little bit."
But this poor little freshman could not see,
Just what the reasons for such action be.
"What is it all about?" asked Innocence,
But got no answer from the ones with sense.
A Junior answered then, "Here's what it's about,
Miss Boyd will get you, if you don't watch out."



RIFLE NOTES

The Rifle Club has elected the Rifle Team consisting of ten men, namely: E. Haworth, Robb, Burns, Lord, Parker, Havener, Krauth, R. Haworth, Miller and Stokes. These men shoot every Wednesday night, or Friday afternoon. They have shot one match al-

ready. Half of another match has been shot, and although the outcome is not known, the scores are considerably higher than those of the first match. It is hoped that by spring we shall have something much better to report on the scores.

The Four Square Eastern Girl

The Senior Friendship Club had an election of officers on March the twelfth. Joan Becker was chosen president; Florence Boteler, vice president; Mildred Mooney, secretary; and Blanche Dawson, treasurer. After the business meeting the girls worked for the Red Cross in Miss Van Doren's room.

On March the seventh the girls gave a dance in the Drill Hall. It was a real success.

Nina Friendship Girls had an election of officers on Wednesday, March the eleventh. The returns show that May Hodges was re-elected president; Clara Edith Graves, vice president; Grace Ellis, secretary, and Mildred Keith, treasurer.

The Four Square Girls have been taking hikes every week. The hike on March the eighth followed a route through the neighboring woods about Randle Highlands.

The Minute Girls are keeping up their regular work. On Friday, March the fourteenth, they undertook a new kind of work, making books for the boys of Walter Reed Hospital.

The Camp Fire of Ocela Desire sold ice cream and fudge sundaes in the Drill Hall on March the fifth.

On March the first the girls took a hike along the tow path with a number of other girls.

On the eighth they walked to Rock Creek Park and then cooked a meal and some fudge. The meal was great, and every one had an appetite that was most unladylike.



Miss Birtwell: "What other important facts are there in this paragraph?"

Jarvis: "There is a girl, the image of happiness at seventeen."

To The Freshie

Freshie, Freshie, don't be proud,
For soon will you be cowed;
For when you try
To see if "z" and "a" gives "y"
You will find out very soon,
That you have met your doom.



Rhapsody of a Grocery Clerk

MINER KENNEDY STOUT.

My own, you are rare and tender
As a high-class *Patie Gras*.
You're the only female I ever loved;
Except, of course, my Ma.

And dear when we whirl on the dance floor
And a chair collides with my legs,
You're as feathery light within my arms
As a case of cold-storage eggs.

And at night in the boarding-house parlor,
You look as good to me
As a barrel of Albermarle pippins,
Or a rosy Peaches tree.



Mr. Snavelly (sitting between Miss Heslet and Mr. Larcomb): "Aren't some people around here dumb?"

Miss Heslet: "Don't some people love to talk about themselves!"

Mr. Larcomb: "Now, Snavelly, put that in your hat and sit on it."

alive School News

P. Padgett Denies Accusations

The Honorable Percival Padgett flatly denies all accusations made against him in THE EASTERNER.

Miss Gardner: "Now, Miss Peterson, how many times did you talk while I was out of the room?"

Miss Peterson: "Only 'oncet'."

Miss Gardner: "Miss Gould, should Miss Peterson have said 'oncet'?"

Miss Gould: "No'm, that was wrong. It should be 'twicet'."

Associated with Folks

Beebe—The West.

Rixie—Coquettish Qualities.

Robb—"Two bits, two bits."

Miss Moore—"Quiet, please."

Margaret—"Isn't that the limit?"

Mr. Schwartz—A perpetual smile.

Charlotte—Tyler or Benner, which?

Dorothy Rohrer—Latin in all forms.

Elizabeth Duvall—A picture of a noble American.

Magaret Bolen—"We had another fuss, but we made up."

Cecelia—"Oh, I can't explain it, but you know what I mean."

Mr. Suter: "What gives us day and night?"

Goodman: "The moon turning on its axis."

Mrs. Doggett: "Wade, go to the office for talking."

Wade 9ar: "Where is it at?"

Mr. Jarvis telling his story in English began and said, "One summer when we were on the Canadian side of Great Falls—"

(He knew his geography.)

Mr. Jarvis likes romantic stories to end with the marriage of the hero and the heroine.

Discovered

A mysterious action on the part of Bob Benner! He has been found carrying a little black hair-pin around with him. (If it were a gold one, it would be understood.)

Hark ye! Two of Eastern's famous aviators have returned in the persons of Waldy and Dutch.

Things We Have at Eastern

Students (Shreve).

Skippers (—?).

Cartoonists (Cannon).

Sign painters (Beebe).

Athletes (Vermillion E).

Secret service agents (McCully).

Office boys (M. Graham, H. LaSalle).

Brown (Junior): "I think I shall make the team as a pitcher on the first team."

Rookie: "Yes, make the rookie team as a sub."

Beebe (in Physics. Dr. Rothemel sick and Miss Metzerott in charge. Beebe on top of a pile of stools): "Say, Engel, is this what they mean by the man higher up?"

Heard in Chemistry:

"Positively and negatively charged ions attract each other."

Bright pupil: "Boys and girls must be positively and negatively charged, then."



There was a fight
The other day,
And it was between
Waldorf and Lanham,
And the way it happened
Was that Waldorf would not
Get out of the Assembly Hall,
During the rehearsal for
The Spring Play
So Lanham, our hero,
Took Waldorf's books, and
Threw them downstairs,
And Waldorf blushed and straightened
A stray hair, and said,
"Let's fight."
But Lanham was too proud to fight,
So Waldorf bravely struck him,
But Lanham did not notice it,
So Waldorf struck him again, and
Then Miss Prince came
Upstairs, and manly Waldorf
Made a strategic retreat,
And the play went on.

We thank you!



As We Appear to Others

THE EASTERNER—Patriotism prevails throughout and you certainly have done your part toward winning the war.—*The Sentinel*, Leisenring, Pennsylvania.

THE EASTERNER—The breeziness of your paper is catching. If your paper typifies your school spirit, you have great things ahead of you.—*Signal*, State Schools, Trenton, New Jersey.

THE EASTERNER—You have some excellent stories. The "Scare Head" seems screamingly silly.—*Criterion*, High School, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The "Scare Head," one of the departments of THE EASTERNER, is surely one of the best humor columns among all our exchanges. Another feature of this magazine worthy of mention is the editorial on Service, which is indeed convincing in its full purport.—*The Comet*, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Gentleman from Arizona

(Continued from "The Scare Head.")

Ladies and gentlemen, the question before the house is, "Can Beebe raise a mustache?" In the words of "our friend," Burke (Mr. Haworth kindly giving us the permission to quote him—not Haworth but Burke), the question must be determined according "to the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object." What an object! If you did not notice it when it was at its height, you have lost your chance, for the "gentleman" from Arizona has changed the scenery and has taken a fresh start. We suppose that he will treat the new one in the same way in which he treated the old one. Yes, cut it off with his t-rusty lawn mower; but he has to have a good excuse. Do you want to know why he cut the first one off? It is very simple to explain. You know that it was of a very light color and that he wants a black one above everything else. "Everything else" is his mouth, which he uses more than is necessary—another reason why his mustache will not grow. But to return to the main thought, he blacked it one day. That day

THE EASTERNER—A book of exceptional qualities. All the departments are well planned.—*The Sentinel*, Leisenring, Pennsylvania.

Jokes from Our Exchanges

Silly: "Winter always makes me think of a bed."

Willie: "How's that?"

Silly: "Because it has such beautiful blankets of snow."

Willie: "Oh, yes, and such lovely sheets of ice."
—*Virginian*.

"Why do the Germans spell 'Kultur' with a K?"

"Because the Allies control the C's."—*Dragon*.

Exchanges Received

The Junto, Easton, Pennsylvania.

The Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas.

The Dragon, Greenwich, Ohio.

Tech Life, Washington, D. C.

The Virginian, Norfolk, Virginia.

was Beebe's Waterloo and also the mustache's. In a conference with a park "cop" it was decided that a boy with a black mustache, yellow hair, brown suit, and a red necktie would frighten the grass so that it would not grow. Beebe was out of luck for the next hour or two, but in spite of this he is at it again. He is trying in every way to get back the mustache that he so foolishly cut off. He has used everything from fertilizer down or from mange cure up. He stops by every mirror to watch its growth. His dreams picture himself twirling it around with his fingers. If all's well, Beebe will get there yet. We wish you luck, Beebe.



Mr. Warner to Havener: "Take these papers to the office please, Mr. Havener."

Havener: "Certainly I'll do anything you ask me, except kill myself."

Wee little voice feebly from back of room: "No use, Havener, you are already dead from the neck up."

Locals

We wonder why "Sunkist" didn't want her father to come to the school.

Captain Dawson: "Squads right about."
Ex-Soldier Waldorf: "How do you do that?"

Jett: "Of course we've all got brains, but nobody knows it except ourselves."

Shreve spends all his lunch periods in the Library. Some say he is studying, some think he is browsing, but some know he is in there because — of the little Librarian.

Any disputes can be referred to Mr. Tenley for decision. He has showed himself to be a most brilliant lawyer.

Mr. Durr: "Detweiler, you better not skip physical training any more."

Det.: "Why, Durr, I'm safe (if not sane)."

Durr: "Well, Mr. B. might make you walk a chalk line."

Det.: "Oh! wouldn't that be awful before Emily!"

WANTED BY—

Ritterbusk—to be a Mars.

Doty—to be a Latin shark.

Sansbury—a date with Miss Atchinson.

Rice and Hutchinson—to go to the spring play with Miss Curby.

Little Searl—to become Pluto, so he can carry Miss Burroughs off.

Mr. Suter: "Rice, what country has a rugged coast?"

Rice: "Switzerland."

Miss Underwood: "The two big topics are Production and Consumption."

(The next day.)

Miss Underwood: "Miss Judy, what are the two big topics?"

Miss Judy (hesitating): "Production and—er—Tuberculosis."

Heard in French Class:

Mr. Schwartz: "Let's see, tomorrow is Thursday, isn't it?"

Mr. Shreve: "And the day after tomorrow is Friday."

Mr. Schwartz: "The day after tomorrow is Friday according to Shreve's wisdom."

The paper in Room seven is a howling success. Good material for THE EASTERNER will soon be on its way.

Miss Egbert: "Mr. Detweiler, please give your special topic."

Mr. Detweiler: "Well, the three gorgons were real ugly with snakes in their head. Two of 'em were goddesses an' one a lady."

McPherson (on entering Algebra class): "Give me your algebra to copy, somebody?"

Miss Hawes: "McPherson give answer to first example."

McPherson: "Minus three."

Miss Hawes: "Wrong."

McPherson (to himself): "I wish someone in this class would learn to do algebra; I never can get any to copy."

Heard in Science class:

Elizabeth Edelin: "Does the carbon dioxide go with the apparatus?"

Some carbon dioxide!!!!!!

Miss Halsey: "Gould, do you ever hear any jokes that could be called locals?"

Gould: "Yes. Simon!"
(Oh! Simon?)

Found!

A writer of satire in our midst. (This celebrated author being conservative, will refrain from printing his works.)

Miss Marceron and Miss Hannell were fighting over a scrap of paper.

(Virnstein's!!!!)

Teacher: "Did the questions in the test puzzle you?"

Pupil: "No, ma'am. The answers were what puzzled me."

Mr. Gladman (translating Caesar): "—and Caesar folded his head in his toga!"
(Poor man.)

WHEN are we going to have one of those two-hour Assemblies, such as we used to have? (When we win the Drill.)

I. F. L.—What does Miss Thompson mean when she told Mr. Suter, "Buffalos are not allowed in Yellowstone Park without permission?"

The Millip Phorris Mystery

MINER KENNEDY STOUT, '19.

As the telephone jangled the great detective reached across the table and stopped the clamor by removing the receiver from the hook. "Totson," he called to his room-mate and admirer, Whomas Totson, who was out on the fire-escape watering the rubber-plant with the detective's largest hypodermic syringe.

"Totson," he called again, and Whomas came at once. "Yes, Holmes," he said.

Herlock Holmes permitted a light shade of annoyance to flit across his hawk-like profile. "Can you not deduce from the fact that the receiver is off the hook that the telephone has been ringing?" he inquired.

"Marvelous," quoth Totson, "what then?"

"Why, then," said the master mind, "it is not an irrational presumption to suppose that someone is on the wire and wishes to communicate with a tenant of this apartment."

"Wonderful," said Totson, as he quickly lifted the telephone receiver to his ear.

"Not at all," replied the great man, "others could do as much if their powers of perception might be developed to the nth degree."

"Yes, Herlock," said Totson, listening to the voice on the wires. "Holmes," said his follower, "a great robbery has been committed. The warehouse of Rameses Gypogarus Ltd., the tobacco firm, has been looted. Three large cases of Millip Phorris cigarettes in brown boxes, have utterly disappeared.

"The case, or rather, the three cases do not interest me" said Herlock, and then keenly asked, with a penetrating glance, "What reward is offered, Totson?"

"Fifteen dollars!" replied his disciple.

"I'll take the case, and discover the cases," exclaimed impetuous Holmes.

They both went at once to the warehouse. The doors were still double-locked. The watchman was sitting dead asleep at his post with a smudge of ashes on his nose. Holmes took out a magnifying glass and examined the olfactory organ keenly.

"These are the ashes from the butt of a dark Boch Panatela, an eighth of an inch past the band," he pronounced, "and the remarkable thing is that Bochs are unbanded cigars. I refer you to my autograph on 'Bochs and other light, dark cigars, Whitefield, two d. half penny, in paper covers.'"

Then leaving the watchman still at his post, which was one of the columns supporting the warehouse, we entered the sinister building. It was densely

dark inside, owing to the deep gloom and the lack of windows, but the master reasoner brought a cigar lighter from his upper left-hand vest pocket and, igniting the oil-soaked tow, led us on.

In a sealed inner room with bare walls we came upon the scene of the crime. The room was absolutely empty, as Holmes ascertained by long and careful search, continually drawing whistling breaths and muttering "Ah!" We could not see anything of a cluey nature, but Holmes found four very dirty cigarette butts, which he enclosed in an envelope and pocketed.

Then Herlock, turning to Rameses, Ltd., the owner of the warehouse, startled him by saying, "This so simple mystery, I have already solved with ease."

This startled Rameses, Ltd. It didn't startle Whomas Totson, though. Whomas knew him and his methods.

"You wonderful man," gurgled Rameses, Ltd., overcome with delight. "Here is the fifteen dollars, three pounds, two shillings in our own coinage. You have earned the reward. Where did the cigarettes go?"

Herlock buttoned the Bank of England notes inside his vest. He put the silver in the specially constructed cuff of his trousers. He snapped off the cigar-lighter, making the entire darkness almost total. At the door he said, "Mr. Gypogarus, Ltd., you ask where your cigarettes went. Indubitably they went up in smoke."

When the door closed behind him profound silence reigned.



"The Truth Revealed"

Miner Kennedy Stout has always been called a genius. His writings in THE EASTERNER and his eccentric dress and manner have proved it. He has followed in the footsteps of English authors and poets. Eastern has ever been proud to say that we have a genius in our midst.

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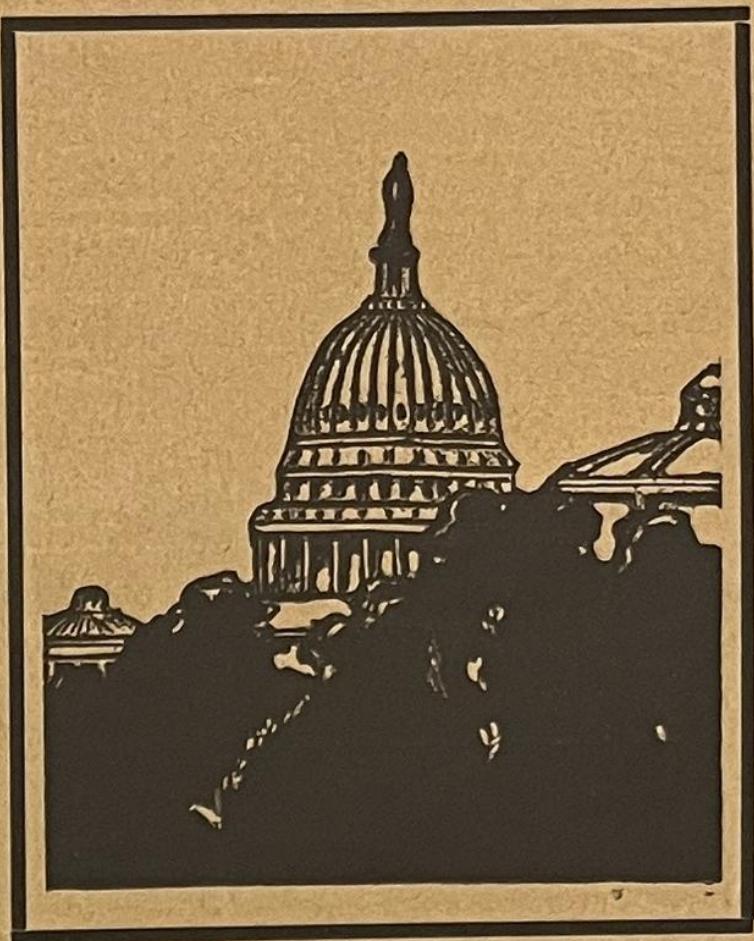
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Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

THE SOCIAL COUNCIL
"THE EASTERNER" STAFF

The Seniors



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

ALAN BENNETT DAWSON.

When I was told to write some "Knocks" on Alan Dawson, I said it couldn't be done. This proves it. Alan is one of those fellows who gets a boost every time anyone tries to knock him. He's President of the Senior Class and a Cadet Captain, and an Athlete and a Member of the Senior Club. In fact, there are mighty few things at school that he isn't in. He's a lady's man, too! But only for one lady. After looking over all he has done, there is only one thing to say, i.e., if Alan Bennett Dawson doesn't become a big success in this world, it won't be his fault.

MARY CHARLOTTE BAYLY.

Have you seen that young lady with beautiful golden hair worn in a marvelous coiffure? Well, that self-same person is known as Charlotte Bayly. You say you know her as Mary; well, that is also her name, but our artist prefers to be called C. She spent most of her time just before the spring play in the drawing room making lovely posters and decorating the properties. Oh! yes, she was much interested in the outcome of the play as—well, let's tell the secret. Carl was the leading man. Charlotte expects to attend Pratt's next year to study interior decorating. Here's wishing her luck.

SEYMOUR ROBB.

Seymour is that good looking Senior with a dimple in his chin. Nearly every evening he can be seen walking home with that same dark-haired girl who lives on E St. Seymour is Captain of Company F, and expects to win first place in the Competitive Drill. He has played on the Baseball teams of '18 and '19. Robb is a good dancer, and can be seen shaking that crazy little dance in front of the piano at noontimes. Next to dancing, S. Robb likes to study from real books and not bluff his way through. To prove this, he even brought some books up to the photographers to have them taken with his picture.

HESTER BOTELER.

"Ted."

Does everybody know Hester? Well, I should say so. She is the girl who always gets honors and still has a good time. How she does it is a puzzle to us, for it takes all of our time to do one or the other. Among the many things which Hester likes to play is tennis. Most any day except Monday or Thursday she can be seen flying around the court with a tennis racket. You ask why not on Mondays and Thursdays. Oh! just because.

MARGARET BURTON.

"Maggie."

Margaret Burton is that little girl who was once accused of not upholding her brother's reputation, and is now trying to do so by outdoing everyone in the class when it comes to noise. Do you ask why Margaret's face was all smiles during the Easter holidays? No, not because Eastern had a vacation, but because a certain college in Delaware had one. Maggie can be seen most any time in front of the mirror fixing her hair, which she says needs it, but it really doesn't. Margaret expects to continue her education with the rest of the "Lucky Three" at Wilson Normal School.

DOROTHY ROHRER.

Tennyson, Byron, Keats and Dorothy—all children of the muses. Dorothy's poems in this year's issue of the "EASTERNA" have attracted wide attention, and have conclusively settled her future. But Dorothy can do many things besides writing poems, she is a star in every class, and anything below "E" is a stranger on her report. Please do not get the idea that Dot is a blue stocking, though, her numerous abilities do not spoil her for her friends. Dot Rohrer holds a warm place in the heart of '19.

The Seniors

KATHERINE CHRISTINE McCauley.

Everyone knows Katherine, our EASTERNER editor. She says living where flowers are abundant kind o' takes the interest out of Biology work—but, then, we all know her as a speechmaker, essayist and story writer. Evidently, her services are not all devoted to Eastern, though, 'cause what do all the gold service stripes mean? Katherine expects to go to George Washington and specialize in English or maybe Latin. Maybe some day she'll be a prominent teacher in our "New Eastern"—that is, if the charms of the east can outshine those of the west.

NATHANIEL BREWER.

"Nanny."

Nathaniel is that quiet, secretive chap whom no one knows very much about, except that blonde young lady who is a pupil at Central. He is very quiet, but not, so it seems, as quiet outside of school as in; for, when it is time to show off your lady friends, Nanny is right there. He is also the hero of that famous trip to Atlantic City which he, with the aid of his "Indian," accomplished in eight hours. He spread the news broadcast that he had a wonderful time, but we all know what kind of time it was, as he was chaperoned by Haworth.

ELEANOR GRACEY ECKHART.

If anyone is indispensable to the Senior Class, it's Eleanor. She can do everything that the others of the class do, and then some. You should just see her play tennis; and she knows history like Muzey, himself. And her laugh is guaranteed to scare away the deepest fit of blues that ever were. We fully believe that she ought to be engaged to take charge of the "Spice of Life" column in the Literary Digest. If you don't think so, just look at the way she's managed the EASTERNER's School Gossip. We think Eleanor is fine.

ELLIS HAWORTH.

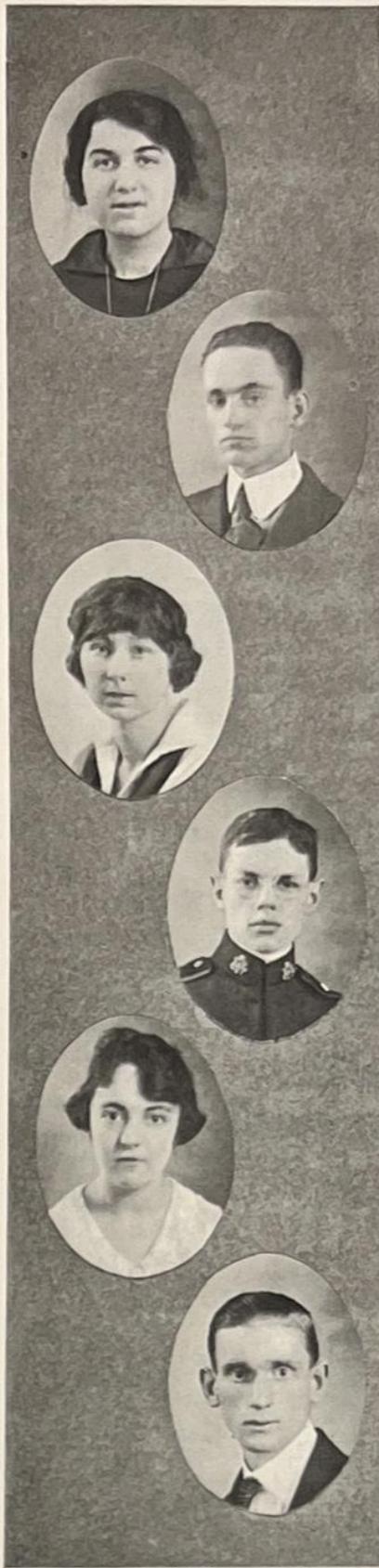
Everybody knows Ellis—that studious boy who is in everything and the only person whom Miss Moore trusts. You see he has a wonderful reputation. However, Ellis went to Atlantic City for Easter and we are told that while he was on the boardwalk—well, it wouldn't be fair to give him away. Now, Ellis has been comparatively quiet for the first three years of his sojourn at Eastern, but since he has become a senior he has let loose. He even winks at the girls, dances an' everything.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS.

Among the Flora and Fauna of E. H. S.—Is Dorothy Williams—And b'lieve me—She's one of the Flora—Her original habitat is 13—But most any time you can see her on the tennis court—Wielding a tennis racket—Dorothy is a tall, dark-eyed goddess—Ninety-nine and four-tenths per cent, good natured—And being lofty herself—She has lofty ambitions—I don't know whether she has satisfied her ambition yet or not—But, I'll tell you this much—She likes red hair.

CHARLES W. LITCHFIELD.

"Buck" is also one of Eastern's athletic stars, and during his sojourn of four years, has starred especially on the Baseball teams of '16, '17, '18, '19, has played on the Basketball teams, as well as the Tennis teams of '18, '19. Of the three sports, I believe he'd rather play tennis—of course, there's a reason, and it's a good one, too—take a look at the tennis court some afternoon and see her. Buck is a good sport and isn't a flunker, either, he has passed every year since he has been at Eastern. I know, because he is a shark, especially in Mechanical Drawing and—well, I don't know another subject so difficult.



Albert W. Ayre Photographer

The Seniors



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

ELEANOR RIXEY TANCILL. "Risky."

Rixey Tancill, the young lady who is noted for her large and limpid lamps, is one of the best known society belles of Eastern. She is also a very talented actress, for during the Spring Play, when an accident occurred, dislocating her cupid-bow lips, she went on with the play as if nothing had happened.

CARL WALTER TYLER.

Do you remember the flashing young hero who showed his ability at making love in the Spring Play? Well, that was Carl, Francis X. Bushman's only rival. Besides being an actor of wonderful talent, our foot-light star is one of Mr. Hart's cops on the Student Council, and picks up trash around school, now that the street cleaning department is out of running order. However, his most remarkable accomplishment is that of originating excuses to get off from Math (that is, when he doesn't skip). Carl showed his wonderful generosity by stepping down from the rank of sergeant to that of private in order that he might be company pivot to oblige our dear Captain Robb.

MARION VAN TASSELL SMITH.

There's something different about Marion Smith—There are a lot of good looking girls at Eastern—But she's something more—It's personality, I guess—Anyway—She's got them both, personality and good looks—What more could you want?—Brains?—Well, she's got them, too—She says so herself—She got honors and never does a bit of studying—Just think of that—One thing, more—There's one poor boy, she's vamped—Just doesn't make any difference—if she looked up into our eyes—As she looks up into his—We'd be vamped, too—Wouldn't we?—Sure we would.

NORMAN S. FRIDINGER.

Norman S. Fridinger, popularly known as "Dutch," entered our educational institution in 1915. His athletic ability is very well known. He has been awarded 6 "E's" for his ability in Baseball, Football and Basketball. He has held two captainships also. At the end of 1918 he joined the aviation; but Dutch has come back to Eastern now. Evidently, he has not lost any of his beauty—that is—the girls don't think so. He is, in fact, known as Mr. Beatrice Fairfax to all the girls at Eastern. If you don't think Dutch is a good old scout just "Ask Dad, he knows".

MILDRED BEATRICE GRAHAM. "Milly."

Did you say you were constantly hearing noises, such as thumps and jumps on the corridors and stairs? Well, it is none other than Mildred, our capable clerk. She is the smiling, lovable girl who scolds us when we skip and keeps track of us when we are in school. But Mildred has other things to think of which lie far beyond her office and school work—many other things.

MILDRED RUTH CONNICK.

Mildred Connick's good humor and sweet disposition have won for her many friends at Eastern. She is one of those industrious girls who finished in three and one-half years, and yet she insists upon saying that she is dull. (We all know better.) Mildred is the star in all classes, especially in Biology. She is determined to teach school. If she does we are sure that her pupils will be just as fond of her as her classmates are. Warning to the boys. "Middy" is a man hater.

The Seniors

DOROTHY JOHNSON.

We don't have to say much about Dorothy to make you remember her. She is the vivacious young person who co-starred with Miner Stout in "Lend Me Five Shillings." Her disposition is always cheerful and pleasing, even when she has been out late the night before. We have not quite decided what her favorite pastime is, but we suspect that her lessons never interfere with her good times. Dorothy's future is not quite certain, but judging from her aptness when employed in the E. H. S. lunch-room we might suggest that Child's—well, suggestions may not always be agreeable.

GEORGE ALOYSIUS KAUFMAN.

George A. Kaufman entered Eastern as a Freshman in 1898 or '99 and has been adorning our halls since that time. He is that tall, lanky lad, with the black curly hair. I'm told that he likes Burke, and especially the examinations, as they're the only exams in the school which he absolutely cannot pass. He has served quite a bit of time in the Cadets as a private for he doesn't like stripes. Coffey is an artist of remarkable ability; but he doesn't like to draw pictures, as he is told to, therefore, he draws them to suit himself.

ELIZABETH DUVALL.

She is one of those little girls whom one never sees except in class. When one sees her, she has either a Latin or History book, which she is trying to conquer. If you think Elizabeth a quiet little girl, gently direct her thoughts to Barracks, Recruiting Station, France. We shall never forget the clever instrument Elizabeth had the day the Camp Fire Orchestra played in the drill hall.

OSCAR KANGEISSEER.

He is the little fellow who used to be in the Bank, but—well, he isn't anymore. It is said that Oscar was the leader of the leap-frog gang, and that he leaped right out the Bank door. Oscar is the obliging and willing youth who helped the stage manager and electrician during our last play. Oscar came to us late in his High School career. Now he is leaving us for parts unknown.

MABEL ALICE LUCAS.

Mabel is that demure little girl who walks around school minding no one's else business but her own. She expresses her views on subjects occasionally (?) in the section room and is a star pupil. Mabel hails from Randal Highlands and expects to follow in the footsteps of her sisters who are teaching.

HELEN GERTRUDE GATES.

Helen is that jolly, lovable, helpful girl who shed many a tear at Eastern. You see, it's this way. She falls in love with all her teachers, but just as soon as she decides on the best one, the teacher either marries, dies or leaves us. Therefore, the tears.



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

The Seniors



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

PAULINE LINDSAY.

Shy little maid with a dimple in her chin and the dickens within. She has a timid way of saying all she has to say and oft provokes many a hearty laugh. She has a very studious look while poring over a book which would fool most any teacher and make him decide in her favor. We should like to know which she prefers, canoeing on the "Thames" or "Riding in a One-Horse Shea?" Pauline's ambition is to go to college. She has made a wonderful record by graduating in three and one-half years.

FRANCIS CECIL THAMES.

Francis is the young gentleman who favored us by spending his Senior year at Eastern, and, believe me, he's some asset. He stands out as one of those shining lights in his lessons; but some times he almost forgets to recite because he's just looking at someone. Nevertheless, he doesn't spend all his time musing, for he's manager of the Baseball team and figured on the Basketball team. On the level, Thames is O.K., and we're glad he's graduating in '19.

GRACE RECTOR WEBER.

A very quiet, peaceful, rosy little girl, and extremely necessary to the class of '19. She has those deep gray eyes from which one fears a frown, but gets a smile as a surprise. Grace belongs to that happy trio—Cornell, Blum, Weber. Are they ever separated?

ULLAINE ELIZABETH CORNELL

The pretty little dark-haired girl, with the big brown eyes that won't be good (the eyes). We think she is rather shy—but, of course, we don't really know. One thing we are sure of is that whatever she tries is a big success.

WILLIAM BALDWIN HARDY, JR.

William B. Hardy, Jr., yes, that is all his, and he uses it whenever he can. When asked why the sidewalk on B street had to be replaced so frequently, Hardy replied with spirit that it was nobody's business, and that his father was a taxpayer, anyhow. This answer puzzled us for some time, but now we hear rumors which tend to explain it. Recently Hardy challenged Fridinger to a duel on the tennis court, and we await the outcome of this combat with interest. It is said that Hardy has the contest cinched on account of his superior height and weight.

JANICE BLUM.

Janice says she hasn't any secrets, and all she does is in the open, but we don't know. All we hope is that we can watch her countenance in the school room when a pupil innocently asks an idiotic question, similar to those Janice asks now. Some people say that black hair is next to red for affecting the temperament. It doesn't hold good with Janice; she's just as serene as a May morning, but then we don't see her all the time.

The Seniors

ALICE MAY ASHFORD.

This girl possesses an inexhaustible amount of optimism. Her philosophy of life is summed up in the words, "Keep Smiling," and she has convincingly proved its wisdom. She is the Mecca for the low-spirited, and enjoys the truest kind of popularity. Truth compels one to admit that lessons do not keep her awake at night, but she 'most always manages to know them, and sometimes surprises her teachers with an inspirational outburst. May the world treat this girl with the same kindly humor that she herself imparts.

MARGARET CAROLINE RAMSEY.

You won't have any trouble at all in recalling Margaret. She doesn't make a great deal of noise around school, and she gives one the impression of being quite studious, but she is always in for a good time and lots of fun. Her two favorite hobbies are Latin and Music so we understand. Latin evidently comes first in her estimation, for she may be frequently seen poring over a well used edition of —. She manages to find time, however, to enjoy music, that made by brass instruments especially. Margaret hasn't chosen her vocation yet, but she surely would make a good school teacher.

JAMES MALCOLM JETT.

Yes, we have all heard of him, and seen him, too. He is that gentleman whom we hear as we come up the steps to the Assembly Hall. He entered our honored institution in 1915, a member of the famous 9-B-1 class of that year. A young lady, who graduated several years ago, is remembered to have said of him, "If I had a figure like that, I should offer my services to Mr. Ziegfeldt" (then showing at the Belasco). But, despite his superb figure, he is a splendid fellow. He is perfectly willing to lend whatever homework he has to anyone not so fortunate.

NELLIE GRACE LEEDY.

Grace thinks she's quite grown-up because she has been teaching school out in Missouri, but she really isn't very old. She takes school life very easily. One day she comes at ten or eleven o'clock to Eastern and takes a little French. Next day she goes to G. W. U. to see what they have up there. In the evenings she enters the portals of the War Risk Bureau to furnish a little coin. But she is rather normal after all. She keeps one eye out for the boys. And believe me, she has a dandy army cook out in California. (Some pies.)

ARTHUR SELLNER LORD.

Arthur is all right when he is in school, which isn't saying much. He means well, anyway. Everyone noticed his absence from school after the Easter holidays. Don't become alarmed as he was just resting up after his vacation. It is a dangerous thing for him to stay away from school; for, when he does, one or the other of his two motor cycles takes him on a trip over a coal pile or into a lamp post or a wagon. For the sake of amusement he spends his nights in a telegraph office playing the part of a manager so he can use the company's paper to do his home work on.

ALICE LAVINIA KELLY.

Alice! She is that "teeny-weeny" girl who grew up all of a sudden. Well, that's our jolly, witty Alice. Although she vows she hasn't done a lesson, she always goes to the head of the class. Some bright, eh? Well, I'll say!



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

The Seniors



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

HAZEL SMITH.

Look who's here! Hazel Smith! The girl with the biggest capacity for mischief at Eastern. She is always just getting in or just extricating herself from a scrape of some sort, and alas! she is known to the teachers not for work done but for work undone. However, she enjoys an extensive popularity, especially with the younger set, that is, certain male members of it. And no wonder for she's a dandy pal, and a good all-around girl.

STEPHEN O. BEEBE.

"Pete."

This way, ladies and gentlemen, to see the only wild and wooly westerner in the Senior class zoo. This specie roams on the deserts of Arizona and wears large spurs. Sorry, but we lost the spurs. Don't feed him peanuts and as you might spoil his mustache—it took him all the year to grow it, and it is not visible yet. Yes, you are right on that point, he has a very large mouth; and if he weren't talking all the time, he would fall into it when he stumbles through the class-room doors. If you don't like this animal, ladies, move on to the next one—anyway, move on because he might lose his nerve. Impossible.

ELsie CAROLYN CHEEK.

"Lawyer."

Carol is the Southern pride of Old Eastern. She entered the halls of the famous school in '19, just in time to finish her course with our class. Carol intends to become a lawyer, and those who heard her argue the day the entire class remained for a matinée with Miss Moore feel sure she will be a success in this profession.

MARGARET ELIZABETH MULVANEY.

Margaret has spent four years with our class. Not until she became a Senior was she very well known to her classmates, but she has blossomed forth, and now that we know her we have only one regret, that we didn't know her sooner. She gracefully presides over the lunch-room counter, and we feel sure this is the reason the lunch-room is always crowded.

FRANCES PRITCHARD ROSS.

Frances is one of those unobtrusive little girls that never make any fuss about how hard their work is or isn't, and then someday wake you up with a big surprise by becoming President of the United States, or at least Minister to England. Maybe you wouldn't think she had such an enormous fund of knowledge, but, oh my!, she can debate on any subject from "How to Weed a Garden" to "A League of Nations, Past, Present and Future". We take off our hats to her.

CORA LEE SCHUBERT.

This young lady would make a dandy nurse, we hereby suggest it to her! She's a past master at the art of keeping quiet, but wouldn't it be grand and glorious if she'd take to following the lady who wore "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes?" We hear that she thinks of learning to play tennis. That's fine and maybe the game will help her to develop her lung capacity. We are sure no one could object to shouting "30, Love!" to her. She has the dearest little lithp; maybe that's why we love her.

MYRTLE MARIE COOK.

There's that child, Myrtle Cook! Isn't she the quiet business-like lady. When she is seen dashing head-long down the hall, it's a typewriter; but when she wearily drags one foot after the other, it's that dead, dead language.

There's only one thing that keeps her from rushing home each evening. It is the Camp Fire. Why the hurry, Myrtle? I bet'u ten to one it's a letter from Quantico.

"Quantico; which?"
"Quantico, Virginia, of course."

JOSEPH JULIUS PHILLIPS.

Phillips is that long, lean boy who is always found on the back lot chasing himself around the track. The only objection to his running so much is that we are afraid if he gets any thinner there will be nothing left of him. There are some regrets in Phillips' life, and one is that he didn't know enough to come to Eastern when he began to go to school, instead of waiting until he was ready to finish. But this matter will be overlooked as he was patriotic enough to join the army, where he gained some knowledge of the ways of life and came to Eastern as soon as he was mustered out.

BERYL LEONE BROCKWAY.

Beryl is that quiet girl who has honored the Juniors by her presence this last year. We think her motto must be "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," for she always gets there in the end. She has taken her place among the enthusiastic rooters of Eastern High School. Can she cook? Ask the Camp Fire Girls. But it is as a chemist that we expect to hear from her in the future. Good luck, Beryl.



The Class Poem

DOROTHY D. ROHRER.

While all our paths are strewn with fairest flowers,
And gentle breezes blow, and hardship cowers,
'Twere honor then to spend our happy hours
In tasks well done.

And should the path turn thorny 'neath our feet,
And driving storms upon our shoulders beat,
It would be noble then our task to meet,
Do better still.

But if to light a beacon is the call,
Hold high a torch to stay a brother's fall,
We'd glory then in laying down our all;
We'd give our best.

And though opposing storms about us blow,
Full well we'll fill our places, high or low;
We will look up where guiding watch-fires glow,
And see the stars.

To Wordsworth

BERYL BROCKWAY, 11B.

I wander through the fields and forests green,
And listen to the songs of bird and brook,
I marvel at the beauty there unseen;
It gushes forth from every flower and nook.
All nature seems to be in one accord
With every mood of man, joyful or sad;
The grieved, depressed, and weary find reward,
She makes the lonely satisfied and glad.
Oh, thou who worshipped Nature best of all,
Who saw the "Being in the clouds and air"—
The one who stands through all the ages tall,
You taught us lessons making life more fair.
The world has heard the message you have brought:
The call to broader life the world has caught.



NOTE: By mistake, Carl Tyler's picture was not taken with the Social Council group.



THE BUSINESS GRADUATES

Albert W. Ayre, Photographer.

Members of the Two Year Commercial Course

HELEN DOROTHY MALOY.

"Dots."

Look who's walking out of the school Bank! Well, if it isn't "Dots," that smart little rascal. She's bright in all her classes, and now if she hasn't got into the Bank. First thing Eastern would know, if she didn't graduate, would be: "Miss Dorothy Maloy, Principal". Just the same "Dots" is a good sport. She likes all kinds of athletics, and is quite an athlete herself.

Although she has all these fine qualities, we have to give her the hand for scholarship.

ANNA HELEN PEKOFSKY.

"Pe-Kay."

Here is Anna with her wavy golden hair. Anna can dance and have other outside pleasures, but she always knows her lessons.

She is liked by everybody in the school, especially one very charming young man who takes a prominent part in assembly every Tuesday morning. If you want to know how to make speeches, ask Anna. She can stand before an assembly of prominent men and make a speech without getting the least bit nervous or excited.

She is a well known member of the Camp Fire and created a great sensation in the "Some-Phony Orchestra." What does "Pe-Kay" do when she is not studying? Ask her and she will tell you.

GRACE VIOLA BECK.

"Becky."

We have just found out why Becky is so brilliant. Whenever we enter Room Nine morning, noon, or night—we see the girl who answers to the above name, bending over her books. Is she studying or is she fooling her beloved classmates? We'll find out yet. When she goes home her arms are full of books and papers. She says she studies them all, especially bookkeeping. She loves this pet study. Another distinguishing quality of this young student is her beautiful hair. If you want to learn the art of making your hair resemble the Atlantic Ocean, ask Becky.

CECILE COMBER FREEMAN.

We all know Cecile, and we all know that if we want to find her, it is impossible to locate her by any sound or noise, for she is that quiet little girl, who has nothing to say, until she gets in class. After arriving in the class room, Cecile always has plenty to say; and let me give you a tip—if you ever want to know anything about Commercial Geography, just ask this girl.

LEAH CHRISTINA BARTLEY.

"Chrisie."

Chrisie is the dancing star of 10-B-4. If you want to make friends with Chrisie, just talk about dancing. She always knows her lessons, too, because she always studies them before going to dances. There is a certain boy in 10-B-4 who shows a great liking for Chrisie. He gives her chewing gum—when he can afford it—and when he is near Chrisie, his eyes are fairly dancing with delight. I think Chrisie would like him better if he would only dance. Well, anyway, Chrisie is all right and everybody likes her because she is about half of the life in 10-B-4.

HELEN VIRGINIA CLARK.

"Clarkey."

Helen is a very good little girl. She is seldom seen without her papa and mamma. She's very haughty and has little to do with the rest of the girls. Some day she will be a great singer for she has a very beautiful voice. If you don't believe it, ask Mrs. Byram. Helen thinks so, too, for she says all fat people have good voices. Helen has lovely hair. There is a certain young man in room nine who has found her to be a very charming girl. This little girl is quite a shorthand shark, and the way she handles "Spanish" is really wonderful. She may stay with Eastern four years, but if she does leave after graduation, I am sure all of her classmates will wish her luck in everything she undertakes.

EDNA FRANCES JONES.

"Jonsey."

Jonsey is one of the nicest girls in 10-B-4. She never has much to do with the other girls, but when she is in the presence of the other sex, she talks a mile-a-minute, and she also goes this rate in speed tests. Her great delight is to get up before the class to make speeches, and in Commercial Geography she takes the lead, especially when it comes to fresh fish. Frances, at any rate, is all right and we all like her.

LOUISE ATWILL EDWARDS.

Here comes Louise, one of our noted Spanish students. She can move the world with her big brown eyes and her smile—there was a big mistake made when Louise was not asked to sell Victory Bonds. Although Louise is taking a business course, she wants to be a Salvation Army Lassie and serve doughnuts to the boys in the next war. But whatever she undertakes, we wish her success.

ALICE MARIE SWAIN.

"Swainie."

Who is "Swainie"? You certainly know her or have seen her hurrying through the corridors to get to her classes. She is that nice, quiet, big-hearted girl in 10-B-4. Her hobby is to go to the "movies" to see the "vampires". She is a good stenographer, and loves to take dictation from Mrs. Maxson. We all wish her good luck in her business undertakings.

RICHARD JOSEPH CARR.

I don't have to describe Richard. Just say Carr and everyone knows exactly about whom you are talking. He sits in the rear of the room nearly surrounded by boys except on one side and on that one side sits a young lady, known to us as Pe-Kay, who can tell you more about Carr than I can.

When it comes to reciting in class, Carr is right there. He can also read shorthand like a detective story.

Here's wishing Richard Carr success as a stenographer in the business world!

The members of the staff wish to thank Miss Van Doren and Mr. Cunningham for their kindness in helping them with the engravings.



THE OTHER CLASSES



The Juniors

HUMPHREY WALSH.

"Ain't" it funny, there's one class that always excels the rest? Last year it was the Sophomore class, next year it will be the Senior class, but this year it is the Junior class and we will extoll some of its virtues. This class spent its years among the revered halls of old Eastern, during the greatest period of the world, the bloody travail of democracy. It entered Eastern before America caught the torch, flung from the hands of those who lie in Flander's field, and before leaving, has seen America clean up the European debris, and democracy stand forth, young and a little unsteady, perhaps. All this the Junior class has seen, and with the self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness of the times the best of the class has been brought out, making them hold up their share of Eastern's honor, nobly.

The class of '20 had more men in the service than any other under-graduate class, and in our military life at Eastern the class of '20 has many commissioned officers as has the class of '19 with all their advantage of another year of military points. A visitor picking from the ranks the men with the best set-up, the best discipline, the snappiest, quickest men, does not need to ask of what class they are. They are Junior men. Our baseball, our football, our basketball, our track teams are filled with Juniors.

The very cream of the Orchestra is composed of the Junior class, while what representation has the Senior class—none. The very best voices in both Glee Clubs issue from Junior throats. The very cleverest articles in the EASTERNER come from Junior pens. The best orators of the school, excepting Mr. Warner, and the best actors are boys and girls of the Junior Class. The superiority of the Junior class, in every way imaginable is evident. The class is predominant socially. Haven't you noticed that the girls who are the most graceful dancers and delightful conversationalists and best-looking are Junior girls?

But to get down to the real business of the school, the Junior class is a studious class. It is not so much a studious class as an intelligent class. Excepting the Freshmen class, which can be excepted because of the elementary standard of their studies, the Junior class has more honor students than any other class.

I tell you the Junior class is a clever class, a superior class, a class that will go down in Eastern's annals and a class by whose example all succeeding classes may profit.

The Sophomore Class

GRACE WELCH.

We, the Sophomore class of Eastern, still continue to live up to all the expectations of our honored teachers. When first Eastern gazed upon our large and intellectual congregation, her chest swelled with pride in anticipating what we would accomplish. The second milestone of our glorious high school career has been passed; and words of praise and looks of greatest admiration come from the bright but lesser lights of our fellow students, Freshmen, Juniors, and Seniors.

Only too willingly would we pause and seek to impart some of our vast knowledge to you, dear little Freshmen, but this we fear is impossible. You must overcome your own difficulties. Perhaps it will be harder for you to accomplish this, for few are gifted with so rare an intellect as the class of '21 possesses.

This year we have of course made great strides in all things. I have heard from a reliable source, to be exact I believe it was Messrs. La Salle and Shreve, that had our worthy leaders in various school activities been more foresighted and placed only Sophomores in these teams and organizations, Eastern would have doubtless ranked highest in every branch. But we did not grumble at this indiscretion. No! We nobly responded to our school's needs and in every instance proved a firm supporter. In athletics, drill, scholarship, social organizations and dramatic art, we, the shining lights of Eastern, gloriously ended in making each a success.

Oh, Freshmen! If only you have the wisdom to follow in our footsteps, you, too, may become nearly as great as we.

The Freshmen

RUTH L. SMITH, 9b6

MARGARET PARKMAN, 9b6

Who tumbled in when Eastern opened its doors in September? Why, we did, of course, the Freshmen. We were such little folks then. We wandered around the halls, peeping into every door with open eyes, unable to absorb the wonders we beheld. Were we not mounting the first steps of knowledge and anxious to do it in the best way possible?

Everything seemed so queer. It was hard to accustom ourselves to seeing the Juniors and Seniors attired in apparel which made them hardly distinguishable from the teachers. For the first several weeks we did nothing but run upstairs and downstairs, and into

(Continued on page 35.)

Editorials

Our Returned Wounded

It was a downtown car stop and the usual 5 o'clock crowd of home-goers was in evidence. On the edge of a small mob that was trying to board a car was a soldier lad with crutches. He was the last one to get on and was having some difficulty in managing what was evidently a brand new wooden leg. "All aboard! Step lively, please!" shouted the irritable conductor, not able to see over the heads of the people what the reason for the delay was. A deep red flush mantled the face and neck of the lad and the hurt look of the over-sensitive crept into his eyes.

"Perhaps I can help you a little," said a cheery young voice, and a strong boy arm gave him just the needed assistance. The boy boarded the car and steadied him to a seat which some one offered. The boy leaned over a little, "Not quite steady, yet?" he asked in the sympathetic voice of a comrade in which there was no trace of pity that wounded men hate.

The soldier looked up. "No, not quite," he said. Then he reached out a hand and with a grateful look said: "Thanks, awfully, buddie," and his voice was just a little husky.

The boy, words failing, smiled, pressed the older boy's hand and left the car. It had not been his car.

Every day we see these soldiers of ours, some with a leg off, some with an arm gone. We see them on the streets, on the cars, in the theaters, everywhere. Of course they don't want your pity. And who pities them, really? One almost envies them, for they have seen things, done things, and had the glory that can never be ours. But a cheerful smile, an unconventional word or so means a great deal to most of these men who are for the greater part far from home. We Washingtonians are too conventional as a rule. If we appreciate what these men have done, let us loosen up and smile a little more at them and talk a little more to them. Let's be more careful about jostling them in the street cars and exchange places with them when we're sitting and they're standing. On the whole, let's try to make them feel more at home and more welcome in Washington, D. C.



The Spring Play

The sure harbinger of spring at Eastern is the Spring Play, the most important event of the year. It is always a bright spot that we may look forward to. This year none of us was disappointed. We had a tender little satire of Rostand's, "The Romancers."

The heroine was a very sentimental, very imaginative ma'mselle, and was very much in love with the

son of her father's enemy. This son was a youth who thought himself an ideal lover and a very brave man. Their respective fathers were very childish old people, who fancied that they were the persons that put plot in plotters.

The villain of the play was a very money-wise young man who tried desperately hard to have a Spanish accent.

The acting was very good. Miss Tancill, who played the part of the heroine, Sylvette, was beautiful in her pink and white costumes. Her love-making seemed to come very naturally; she said "I adore you" so feelingly that everyone laughed. Her worship of Percinet was certainly touching, and her discovery that her rescue was a put-up job, more so.

Percinet was played by Mr. Carl Tyler. When we heard he was chosen to be the lover, we all approved. We felt that he could interpret the lines aright. There's nothing like practice to make anyone perfect and he was nearly so. The audience seemed to take their endearments understandingly, but really they should have been taken more seriously.

Well, when a bent, quavery-voiced, white-haired old man came hobbling on to the stage as Percinet's father, we all gasped, and hastily consulted the cast of characters to see again who was playing the part. On all sides arose the murmur, "That can't be Buddy;" but it was. His disguise surely seemed complete. Sylvette's father was less infirm than Percinet's, and was interpreted very well by Mr. McCully. Straforel, the villain, was acted by Mr. Lanham. His chorus was "When do I get my money?"

The scenery was very beautiful, the lighting effect very good. Robert Burns and Howard Waldorf are to be thanked for this, as well as their assistant, Mr. Kangiesser.

When the curtain went down all of us arose with a sigh. We were reluctant to leave the world of light and flowers and costumes in the days of the minuet, and go out in the pouring rain. We had a feeling that modern days were very unromantic and drab. I think we all enjoyed every minute of the light, joyous romance. The efforts of the dramatic committee were certainly not in vain as the school made a large sum of money out of this play—\$625. CAROL CHEEK.



The C. A. R. was asked to take charge of posters to be made for the "Re-chickenizing France" campaign. They notified all High School students of the Eastern States. There were five hundred posters sent in, and it was decided that the four best be chosen, printed, and distributed throughout the United States. Eastern is indeed proud to say that all the four posters submitted by Elizabeth Duvall were chosen.

A Message to the Graduating Class



200 Per Cent Increase in Salary

I am glad to say that the training received at Strayer's Business College has been of great value to me. As evidence of this fact I may say that my salary is now more than three times that it was before taking up your course.

J. E. GILES.

The most important period of your life is the next several years. Your entire future success and happiness is largely contingent upon the decisions and steps you now make.

Those of you who will enter business should by all means consider, at least, what a course in Strayer's would do for you. *A few months, special training will thoroughly qualify you to hold a much better position in business or Government employ.* We can give you the names and addresses of former students who are now making from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE has been located in Washington for more than fifteen years. With this long record of successful experience, Strayer's has an ever-increasing reputation. To say that you are a graduate of STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE gives you standing among business men and is an efficient help at all times in procuring a desirable position.

Strayer's Business College Is Always In Session

You can enter to advantage at any time. The best time to begin is now. Good positions are waiting for those who are thoroughly prepared to fill them. All that you need is a few months' special training and the Strayer influence. There is absolutely no risk to run in taking a course in a school that has had so many successful years of experience in training young people for business life—in a school where the demand is greater than the supply and increasing every year.

Write, Call or Phone for our New Catalog

Strayer's Business College

"Fully accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools."

Ninth and F Streets, N. W. Old Masonic Temple

P. J. HARMAN, Principal

Special Announcement

The Washington Business & Civil Service School is now owned and managed by Strayer's Business College.

Special Notice to High School Graduates:

The Washington Business Civil Service School offers special inducements to High School Graduates taking up a course at this time.

25 per cent REDUCTION IN OUR RATES

to the first 100 who enroll for our regular business course.



Mr. P. J. HARMAN, Principal.

The man who opened Strayer's Business College in Washington, July, 1904, is now devoting his full time to the interests of this new school—where Strayer's methods and standards are now in effect.

THE DEMAND FOR SKILLED WORKERS

In the Government service, as well as in the commercial field, is far greater than the supply. Never in recent years have the calls been so numerous for trained young men and young women.

Day School is in session five days each week, from 9:30 A. M. to 3:20 P. M., with an intermission of forty minutes at noon for luncheon.

Night School is in session Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening from 7 to 9:30 o'clock. We do not close either the Day School or Night School during the Summer. New students may therefore enter at any time in the year and continue their courses uninterruptedly until they have finished.

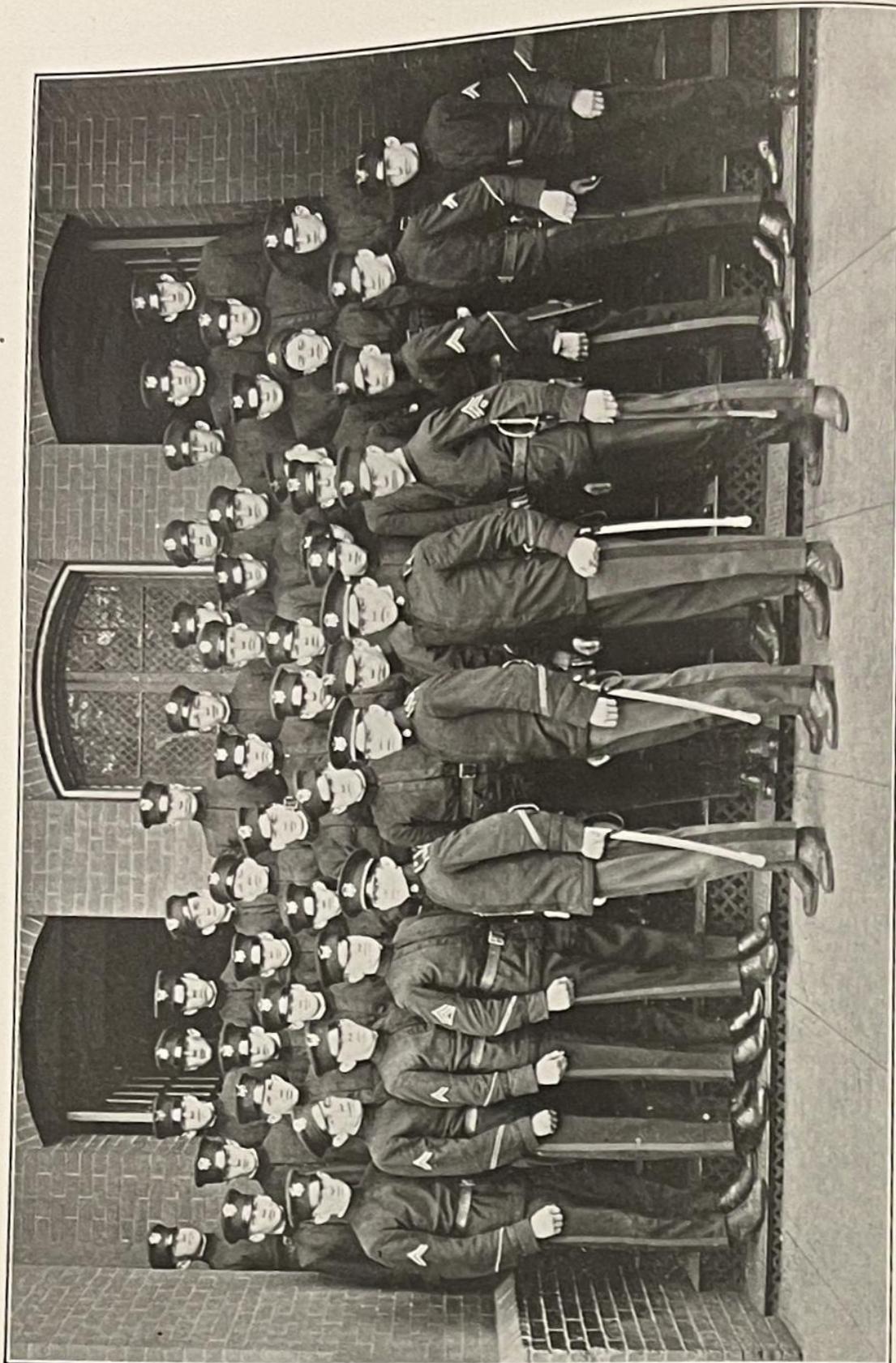
Whether you are anxious to enter Government or private employ, enrollment here will afford you a generous saving in tuition and the same thorough instruction that has made Strayer's the foremost commercial college of Washington, D. C.

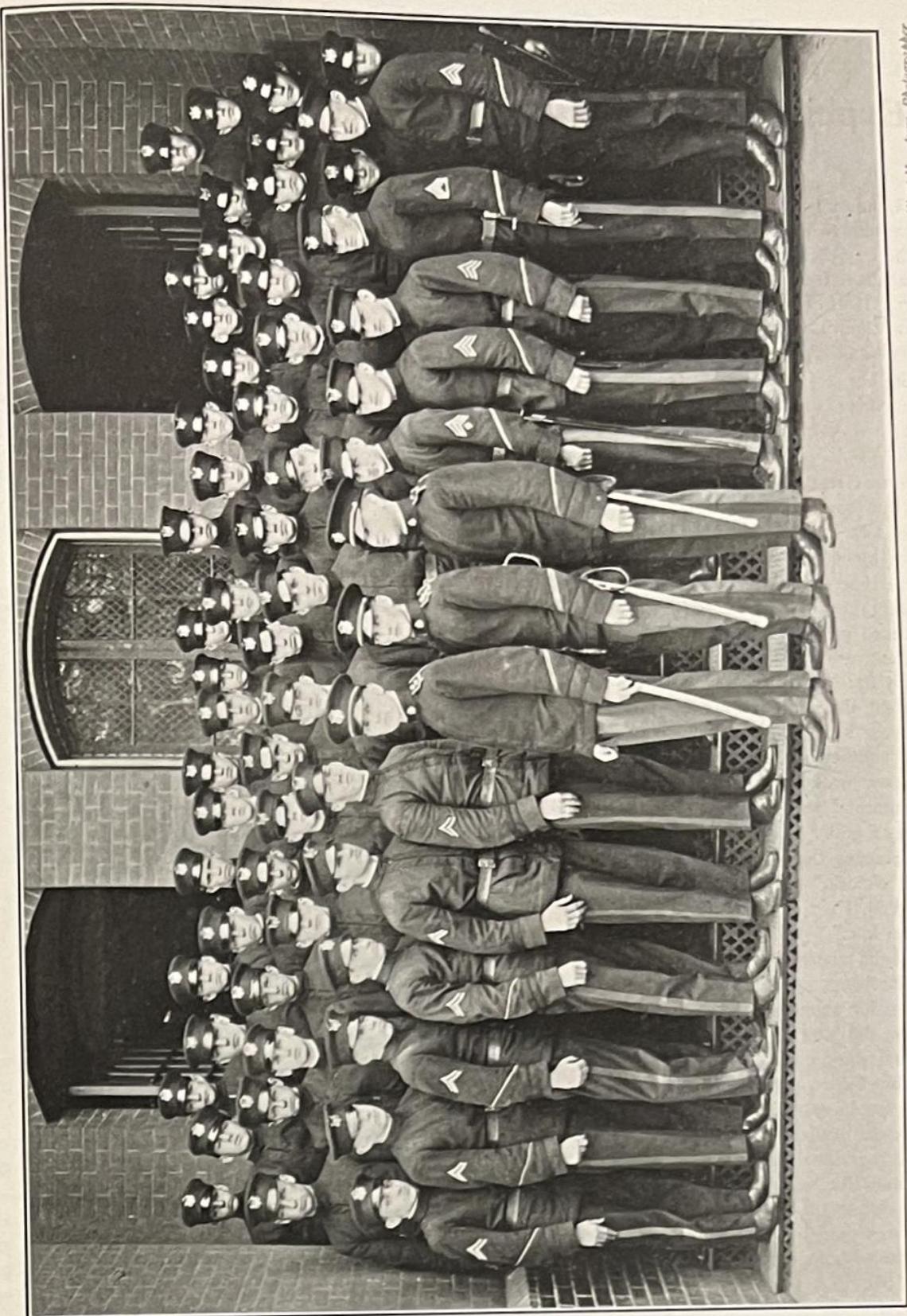
Call and see Mr. Harman or write or phone for our catalog.

Washington Business & Civil Service School

1317 New York Ave. (Over the Post Office) Main 4304

COMPANY F





Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

COMPANY G

THE SCARE HEAD

*Experiences of an Easternite at the New Willard**As Told by Himself*

Well, the whole thing happened so quickly, I scarcely know where to begin. I 'spose I might just as well omit the way the family greeted me when I spilled the news about a feed at the swell dump called the New Willard. Half of them rushes out to tell the neighborhood, another half helps me to dress and the third half begins giving me instructions.

My Father sez, "My boy, be careful, pour your coffee in your saucer before you try to cool it, and then don't blow it; just sorta fan it with a napkin, or your hat."

I sez, "Yea."

Then my Great Aunt says, "Don't forget to tie your napkin in a bow and not in a knot."

I sez, "Yea," again. Next my Sister sez, "Bring me somethin' home." I ignores her.

By this time the neighborhood begins to come in to see me off; they look at me as if I was a freak. They was shocked because I was gonna eat my supper before I went up there, but I sez, "Safety first."

I finally finishes my supper, and starts out. All the people along the street are watching me. One kid sez when I pass him, "Me and him usta shoot allies together"; another sez, "Huh, that ain't nothin', my mother's washwoman washes for him, too." I didn't hear no more; I jest stuck out my chest, proud like—and kept on goin'.

As I reaches the Willard, I hears somebody say, "It's six o'clock." I was supposed to be there at eight. Well, I sez to myself, I sez, "It's better to be early than late."

Well, suh, where the door orta been there was a contraption like a squirrel cage. I runs around in that fool thing for about a half hour and finally ends by fallin' into the New Willard. I was mad all over. I sees a guy who ain't got no hat or no hair but who's got on a biled shirt, a hard collar, and a lotta diamonds. He looks like he owns it, so I goes up to him and I sez to him, I sez, "Aintcha got no better sense than to have a squirrel cage for a door?"

He stands like he's got a poker up his back, sticks his arms out to the side and his nose in the air and then he sez to me, he sez, "Beggin' your pawdon, Sir, but if you wish to register a complaint step over to the desk, Sir."

Well, I'd kinda cooled off, and as there was a lotta people comin' in through it all right, I sez, "Oh, well,

I won't say nothin' more 'bout it." He sorta reaches out his hand like he wants to shake hands, so I sez, friendly like, "No hard feelin' o' course," and shakes hands. He snatches his hand away and stands like a poker again, his nose higher in the air. I goes over and sits down on a couch and watches the people.

At last the old man, his wife, and his daughter appear on the scene. I had nearly gone to sleep, and thanked my stars that I had ate my supper before I came. The girl sez, "Meet my Mother and Father."

I grins foolishly and sez, "Pleased to meetcha."

Well, we go to the table and are about to begin to eat, I ges, so I ties my napkin around my neck and takes up my knife and fork, and waits. Then the guy hands me a program. I sez, "Where's the stage?"

The girl says, "What stage?"

"Why, here's the program," I says, "What's it for?" She sez, "Why, that is the bill of fare."

"I see," I sez. "What they've got to eat."

"Yes," she sez.

Well, that "menyou" was foreign to me; there was somethin' on it like "potatoes au gautin," "chicken a la king," "parparts lobsternewburg." The girl says, "I'll take "Lobster Louis. I simply adore that."

I sez to the guy with the biled shirt, "Make it two." He sez, "Beg pawdon."

I sez, "No, not bread puddin', make mine the same as hers."

After fifteen minutes Lobster Lewie arrived in a fish bowl mounted on a pedestal, packed in ice. The girl says, "Do you like Lobster Louis?"

I sez, "Well I should hope to say so."

She begins to eat the stuff with a little fork, a very little fork, so I follow suit. When I'm about half through, the guy with the biled shirt comes around and tries to take it away from me. I looks at him disgusted like and sez, "Aintcha got no manners? I ain't finished."

He sez, "Beg pawdon, Sir." That's all that guy can say.

The next thing on the program is chicken, and mashed potatoes, called some French name, beets, and rolls. Everybody else was tryin' to cut the chicken off the bones, so I sez, "Ever try eatin' with your fingers?" and set the example. They didn't say nothin'. To tell the truth, they had been sayin' nothin' all the

THE SCARE HEAD

evenin'. After this was finished, he gave me a silver ice cream cone, with foam on the top, that the girl called "Apricot Parjart."

Soon as we finished the old man paid the check that the biled shirt guy gave him, and left seventy-five cents in the tray. He forgot it, I thought, so I picked it up, intendin' to give it to him outside, but somehow it slipped my mem'ry.

When we got outside I sez, "I hope you people had a good time."

They sez, "Did you?"

I sez, "Well I hope to tell you."

Then we said "Good night."

The girl's mother said somethin' about "Never again." I didn't quite ketch it. Then I went home and went to bed and I've had indigestion ever since.



The Senior Class

Have you seen the "young ladies and gentlemen" in room thirteen? Gee, but they think they are smart! They are the biggest bunch of swell-heads we have seen yet. They are getting too grown up for Eastern. Nothing is funny unless it happens in thirteen. If anything occurs in the other rooms—"Well, any old Freshman could do that," or "That Junior makes me sick, trying to act smart." I bet they think the same thing about me, but who cares? Can't a man think for himself without having one of those xxxxxxxxx (censored) seniors (horrors, I spelled it with a little letter) tell you what you should write? They think that they are the great moguls. They all try (emphasis on try) to be grown up and dignified. Haworth wears nose glasses in order to look "extinguished." Beebe has labored all the year to get a mustache so that he can look like a man when he graduates. Kanngiesser is even going to put on long pants. Next! The ideas those Seniors have. They think that they know it all, but, to tell the truth, if the brains of the whole crowd were put in a mustard seed they would rattle. There is no use for the faculty to teach them any more; for they think that they should teach the faculty. Warning! It is capital crime not to address them "Mr." and "Miss." We certainly shall be glad when they are gone.



Discussing Real and Unreal Images.

Lanham (to Dr. Rothermel): "Could you give me an example of an unreal image?"

Dr. Rothermel: "Every time you look in a mirror you see an unreal image."

Poor Carl

Poor Carl was moaning sadly,

"Me grandma's dead," he sighed.

"Excuse me, please, dear Mr. Hart;

"Excuse me, please," he cried.

The boy to tears had melted,

As he voiced this his plea.

The tears ran down his dirty face,

It was a sight to see.

The Principal did turn around,

No pity in his eye.

"It is a sham," he muttered,

"That your people thus do die."

"Oh, yes, Kind Sir, it is too bad."

"Stop, boy, have you no shame,

You are not telling me the truth—

You want to see the game."

Poor Carl did beg and plead in vain;

No slip he got that day.

But some one here just told me

That he went there anyway.



Disappointment

It was the month of May,

A glorious golden day,

That Chance led me that way.

I don't know why.

I saw them there all three,

Just as pretty as could be,

But they wouldn't look at me.

I thought I'd die.

All three were nicely dressed;

They surely looked their best.

They're heiresses I guessed,

But I was wrong.

I watched these maids all day,

Not a word did any say,

Or even look my way.

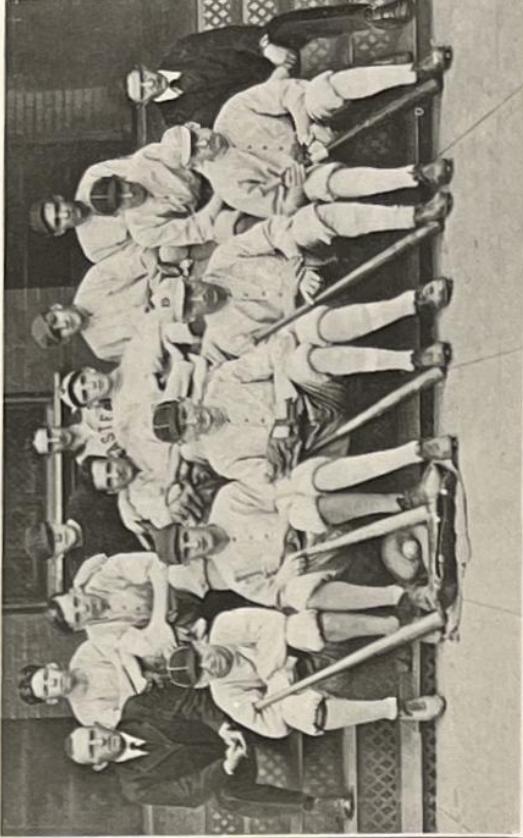
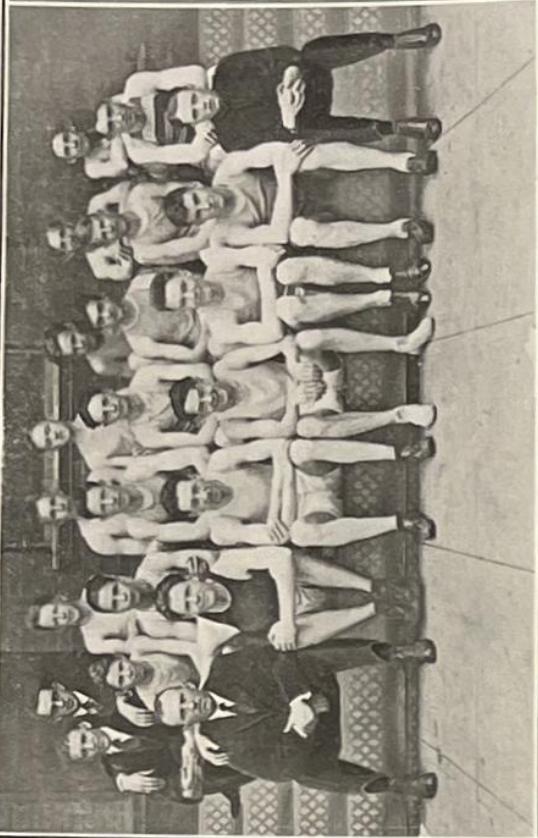
I was disgusted.

I grinned, I smirked, I smiled,

Then my blood within me biled,

For I had been beguiled,

All three were dummies.

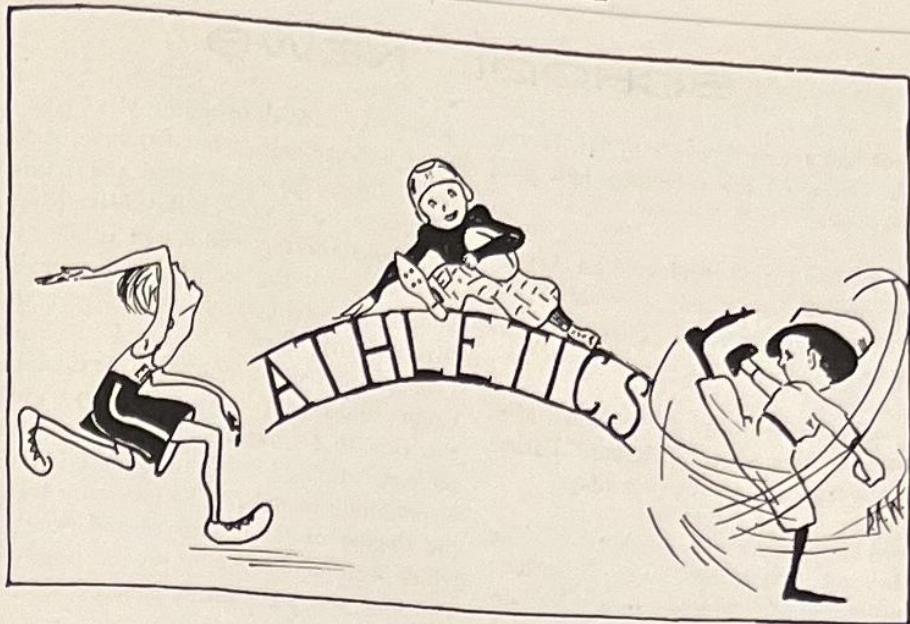


The Track Team
The Baseball Team



The Tennis Team
The Basketball Team

Albert W. Ayre. Photographer.



Under the leadership of Captain Fridinger the Baseball team is having a very successful season. Practice is held at Rosedale three times a week, and the boys have been working hard. The members of the team are Captain Fridinger, Lord, Litchfield, Newton, Waldorf, Dawson, Hardy, O'Connor, Myers, McQuade, and Brown.

In our first championship game we were defeated by Tech. Litchfield was the star batter for Eastern. Errors and the failure to hit in the pinches were the reasons for our defeat. Score, 11—5. Our line-up:

	AB	R	H
O'Connor, lf.....	4	1	2
Newton, ss.....	3	0	0
Litchfield, 2b.....	4	2	3
Waldorf, 3b.....	4	1	1
Gray, rf.....	2	0	0
Dawson, c.....	3	0	1
Lord, 1b.....	3	0	1
Fridinger, p.....	4	0	0
Hardy, cf.....	3	0	2
Myers, rf.....	2	1	2

In our next game we were beaten by St. Albans. Score, 4—1. Newton played a good game for Eastern.

Emerson Institute was beaten by a score of 9—5.

In our first game with Army and Navy Preps we lost by a score of 3—0, but in our second game we won by 13—4.

In the game with Georgetown Prep we lost by the score of 7—2.

In our second championship game we defeated the Business team. There was plenty of hitting on both teams, Eastern getting 16 hits. Dawson led Eastern at the bat. Score, 11—10. Our line-up:

	AB	R	H
Myers, lf.....	5	1	2
Newton, ss.....	2	2	0
Litchfield, 2b.....	4	2	2
Fridinger, p.....	4	1	3
Waldorf, 3b.....	3	1	1
Hardy, cf.....	3	1	1
Dawson, c.....	4	1	4
Lord, 1b.....	3	1	1
O'Connor, rf.....	3	0	2



A Tennis team has been formed which is to meet teams representing the other schools. Members of the team are Litchfield, Fridinger, Waldorf, Dawson, Parker, Brown, O'Connor, and Lanhman.

Several boys have been practicing for Track during the year and deserve credit for the way they have stuck to it. They are McQuade, Phillips, Brown, Carter, and Myers.

The athletic treasury next year will be in a better condition than ever before. The teams which represent Eastern will be equipped with the best, and we may look forward to great things in athletics at Eastern.



As We Appear to Others

The Taj, Harrisonburg, Virginia: THE EASTERNER has a very good humorous department. We cannot say this for all our exchanges. *Romantic Ann* is a delightful little story. Your departments are well managed.

The Comet, Minneapolis, Minnesota—Your cover design is very attractive. Your numerous cuts certainly add much to your paper.

SCHOOL NEWS

On March 18 we had a very fine talk by Dr. Merrill on Geology. He explained the principles and gave illustrations as he spoke.

Miss Merrill and Miss Birnie conducted an Assembly on March 19 for the girls only, explaining the proper and improper ways to dress. Several of the girls were dressed as models.

There was an Assembly on March 29, at which Miss Hodges spoke about clothing for the Belgians. Parker spoke about the programs for the Spring Play.

The Senior Class had its elections on April 1. The results were as follows: Miss McCauley, historian; Misses Smith and Eckhart, prophetesses; Nathan Brewer, speaker to undergraduates. The poet and valedictorian have not yet been announced.

On April 8 we also had a very interesting talk on Thrift, urging all Easterners to join the Thrift Club, and help Uncle Sam get rid of Thrift Stamps.

On April 15 we were entertained again by the Boys' Glee Club. They gave several pleasing selections, which everyone enjoyed. Mr. Schwartz told of the successful returns from the play. He said the school cleared about six hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Our first Assembly after the Easter holidays was on April 29. Mr. Schwartz announced that Athletic tickets were on hand for all those who had paid their dollar at the beginning of the year, and on sale for those who had paid only fifty cents. Mr. Battersby told what a good Baseball team we had, and of all the games we were going to win.

On May 2 there was the Cadet Brigade dance at Wardman Park Inn, which takes place once a year.

On Monday, May 5, all the organizations of the school went out and had their pictures taken for THE EASTERNER. Some people have their pictures in two or three times. We hope that there will be at least one picture that will look like them.

The Assembly of May 7 was one of extreme excitement for everyone. It was the Victory Loan Assembly, at which a speaker from each year had been chosen. Miss Gardner introduced the speakers as follows: Senior, Miss Cheek; Freshman, Mr. Crow; Sophomore, Mr. Larcombe; and Junior, Mr. Parker. The judges were Mr. English, Miss Simons, and Mr.

Jones. We are all proud of Mr. Crow for winning the prize because he is a fine example of Eastern's Freshmen. Miss Maloy boosted the United War Work Campaign, in a short talk. Miss Morgenweck asked for books for the soldiers in foreign countries. She suggested that the section rooms compete against one another by seeing which could give the most books. Miss Merrill, leader of the Four Square Easterner Club, presented the Four Square Easterners with their badges and medals. All girls who were not eligible at this time to get medals may be so in June. Miss Birnie congratulated the Four Square Girls on their work in obtaining medals. The assembly was concluded by the singing of the Victory Bond Song, the verses of which were composed by several pupils of the school. The song was sung to the tune of "Mandalay."

Eastern is very grateful to the League of Public School Decoration, for the sixteen beautiful pictures which they have donated to the school.



Sonnet to a Tree

CHARLES LANHAM.

There is one priceless attribute of this
Our mundane sphere, whose ideal beauty fills
Us mortals with wild ecstacy, and thrills
Our very being to the core; such bliss
As permeates the living soul at this
Wild scene of jagged rocks, and tow'ring hills,
And woodland king's uplifted arms soon kills
All pain and sorrow; 'tis Nature's pure kiss.
Oh! Tree, thou art the sweet, true, loving child
Of Nature's wondrous self, thou art a thing
Whose leafed em'rald beauty, starts dreams wild
Of lands, where warbling birds are flittering
Amidst thy sweet, seclusive shades, and mild
Jasmine is wafted on each zephyr's wing.



Inseparables

Herzog and his frown.

Tenley and his red nose.

Ruth S. and her self-satisfaction.

Motyka and his big booming voice.

Kathleen White and Jimmy Edwards.

Corrine Hinegardner and Buddy Fowler.

THE FOUR SQUARE EASTERNER

Friendship Club

The Friendship clubs have supported the Red Cross throughout the year. In the past six weeks their usual work has continued, and they have also had several interesting social affairs of their own. On Monday, April 21, the Nina Friendship Club spent an enjoyable day out at Cherrydale. The day was so full of events that we could not relate them here. On Wednesday, April 22, the two clubs gave a joint dance. The affair was entirely successful.

Ocela-Desire and Tatapochin have been devoting their efforts to gaining the "E's", which every Four-Square Easterer covets. Several times the girls have made candy to be sent to Walter Reed. They attend the Red Cross meetings very faithfully. Further, they have not neglected their physical tests.

Tatapochin had a sale of ice cream cones one day recently and a lemonade sale May 14.

The Camp Fires

Ocela-Desire is practicing for a play, called the "Golden Birds," to be given some time in early June. It is sure to be a success, for Miss Merrill has secured a dramatic instructor to develop the girls' latent ability.

During Easter week the girls went out camping in Cherrydale, April 22-24, inclusive. There, most of the girls completed the tasks necessary for winning "E's" and obtaining further ranks in the Camp Fires. The snapshots that are passing around the school will confirm any seemingly exaggerated tale of pleasure the girls may tell.

Though most of the girls won the "Four-Square E," Wednesday, May 7, they still have a busy program. They are planning to camp at the tepee on May 16-17, and to prepare for receiving ranks May 27.

The Four Square Girls

The Four Square Club has continued its usual duties toward school and community.

The Minute Girls

The Minute girls have chosen folk dancing for their physical acquirement in obtaining "E's". They have been as active as the Camp Fire girls in working for the "E's".

Five of the members accompanied the Camp-Fire girls on their camping trip to Cherrydale, during Easter week. They wish now that there had been twenty-five girls.

On Wednesday, May 7, the girls of these clubs who had fulfilled the requirements were presented with the "Four Square E's". This was the first occasion when girls of this school received such recognition. The girls who won the pins are as follows:

Friendship Club—Rixey Tancill, Emma Morgenweck, May Hodges, Margaret Sayers, Dorothy Sanborn, Catherine Willey, Frances Ross, Mildred Mooney, Mildred Graham, Clara Graves, Agnes Merton.

Camp Fire Girls—Myrtle Cook, Gertrude Cook, Margery Black, Helen Black, Eva Lewis, Marian Hall, Verna Smith, Kathleen White.

Minute Girls—Mildred McCauley, Mildred Mockabee, Ruth Smith, Rose Donnelly.

Four Square Girls—Ernestine Bryan, Dorothy Rohrer.

**Alumni Notes****Births**

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Chambers, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thoburn C. Lyon, a daughter.

Married

Lieut. George G. Cressy, ex-'06, to Miss Marie Lescallett.

Lester A. Dessez, ex-'18, has been promoted to the rank of captain in the U. S. Marine Corps.

Samuel Garges, '08, has been appointed commissioner of public works at New Rochelle, New York. He was a captain during the war and was chief assistant to Major Proctor in the construction of Camp Meade.

The *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* of the University of Wisconsin contains an article by Dorothy Shaner, '18. We are glad to see that Dorothy is making such a splendid beginning at college and we wish her every success.

Gilbert C. Clarke, '15, ex-colonel of the High School Cadet Regiment, and lately ensign in the naval reserve, has the honor of being editor-in-chief of *The Thistle*, the year book of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

THE BANK STAFF

THE RIFLE TEAM

THE SPRING PLAY CAST

THE BOYS' COUNCIL



RIFLE NOTES

Although the best we could do at the Inter-High Indoor Rifle Meet was to win a moral victory, we have very bright hopes for the coming outdoor match to be held June seventh. It seems that Eastern's boys can shoot better out of doors than in. However, to console ourselves we may at least say that Eastern took fourth place in the School Match, and that Co. F and Co. G teams took second and third places respectively in the Company Match.

Lately we have been allowed to go out to the range on Congress Heights and shoot regular army courses. This is the first time we have ever had

such a privilege, and it is certain that we have derived a great deal of advantage from it.

Next year we shall have a regular rifle range of four galleries in the attic. We have just received the sliding target wires, and will have the range ready by next fall.

This is a decided improvement over the arrangement we have this year, for it gives the Basketball team a chance to practice in season.

Our chances for a good Rifle Team next year are very promising, as some of our best shots, if not the best, are Sophs and Juniors.

The Bank Staff

The total amount of money taken in and paid out of the Bank this year has been nearly twice as much as that of last year. This means that the volume of business has increased considerably. Although the bank staff is smaller than that of last year, it has handled this increase in a manner which we hope has pleased the faculty and pupils of Eastern.

The Auditing Committee of the Washington High Schools has carefully examined our books during the past year and has left upon our books their written approval of our system of banking, and also commended us on its efficiency.

We look forward to another prosperous year. The officers of the Bank are: Alan B. Dawson, president; Fred Diegelmann, cashier; Alta Chaffee, teller; Dorothy Maloy, bookkeeper.



Eastern in the Great War

The following names of Eastern men in the Great War came too late for insertion in the last EASTERNER:

Wood, Foster, 1915, sergeant, Infantry.

McGiffin, William J., 1911, sergeant, Hospital Corps, A. E. F.

Etzler, Charles V., 1912, sergeant, Battery E, 12th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Francis W. Watson, ex-'18, has been cited by the United States government and by the French government, receiving the decoration of the *Croix de Guerre*.

The citation of his government reads:

"For valor and bravery in action, and for devotion to duty—for services as runner at Belleau Wood—making long and perilous trips through gas-infested areas of forests; through shell-shot and machine-gun fire."

Frank writes that he would be glad to hear from any old friends at E. H. S. His address is

Trumpeter Francis W. Watson,
18th Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marines,
Army of Occupation, A. E. F.,
Army P. O. 710.

(at Rodenbach, Germany)

Probably by the time the June EASTERNER is published, the peace treaty will have been signed. By that time also we hope to greet the last of the Eastern boys who fought so gallantly for us in France. With their return the need for reporting the work of Eastern men in the Great War comes to an end.



Mr. Suter: "Where is the Strait of Gibraltar?"
Rice: "In South America."

SCHOOL GOSSIP

Of the Three Possible Ways of Proposing to a Lady the Third Only Is Feasible*With Apologies to Burke.*

Who ever thought that Willard pondered over such a grown-up question? How does he know the best method?

A. Of the three possible ways of proposing to a lady, the third only is feasible, for

- I. It is useless to propose by proxy, for
 - a. Experience has shown the futility of proposing by proxy, for
 1. When a man sends a courtier to plead his cause with the lady, the courtier may become infatuated with the lady, himself, and marry her, for
 - a. This was the case of Miles Standish and King Edgar, two of the noblest historical cases known.
 - b. The courtier would not be able to answer any questions the lady would be likely to ask.
 - c. She would think that you had another engagement more important than that of proposing to her, and she would probably refuse.
 - d. Women never did like a nervous, bashful, shy man.
- II. If you adopt the expedient of proposing by letter, you are likely not to get the desired results, for
 - a. In a letter there are only cold words, and generally ill-chosen ones.
 - b. There is nothing so difficult to write as a love letter, for
 1. Either it is too impassioned and savors of exaggeration, or it is too matter-of-fact, and conveys an idea of coolness.
 2. Stilted it is almost sure to be; and it is only by good fortune that it escapes being ridiculous.
 - c. A letter cannot express what words can, for
 1. If a personal interview can be had,

you could tell your love much better than you could write it, for

- a. Passion in a man's breast glows in his eyes.
- b. The sincerity of those feelings to which he struggles to give utterance, is gathered from the tone of his voice.

III. Therefore since the third way, that of proposing in person, is the only one left, you must adopt it.



Robb says he quite agrees with everything Emerson says!

Did Jett have a good time Easter Monday? (We heard he did.)

Haven't the Seniors guided Eastern well this year? We'll say they have!

Another brilliant orator found at Eastern! Ray, Ray for Freshie Crow.

The wail of some gentlemen Juniors—Weep, Weep, Hazel's going to leave us.

Lanham, Waldorf, McQuade and the Fairfax Apartments—by the way, whose night is it?

Brewer, Haworth, and the Boardwalk—but, as we were saying, Atlantic City is a dandy place.

Shreve has left—don't LaSalle and Fisher look lonesome? The Famous Trio seems torn asunder.

Brown (Junior) says he wishes some boys would cease to think they own the school! Someone has said—Oo, la, la!!!???

Our bit of California sunshine has left us, and don't some of us miss her—no more auto rides and dinners at the Willard and—???

B. Hardy, Jr., illustrated his knowledge of English well on the George Washington University leaflet, wrote he: "I ain't expected to go."

Francis Thames used to be interesting to talk to, but 'tain't no more! Now, he begins his tale of joy or woe—silence! He leaves the rest to your imagination. Just follow his longing gaze—you will know why his flow of conversation has ceased.

CADET NOTES



The greatest event in the year for the Cadets has come and gone. We regret to say that once more it passed us by.

The winners of the Competitive Drill are as follows:

Co. H, Captain Praeger, Tech, first, 90.96%; Co. E, Captain Roper, Central, second, 90.33%; Co. E, Captain Espey, Business, third, 89.96%.

This year the first ten places were announced by Mr. Kramer. He gave only the name of the school, instead of the name of the company, for each place. In this list Eastern was given fourth place. Further information received from the Franklin established the fact that Co. F, Captain Seymour Robb, of Eastern, had earned fourth place with a rating of 88.43%. We congratulate Captain Robb and his company upon their splendid drill. Co. G, under Captain Alan Dawson, also put up a drill that reflected credit upon themselves and upon the school.

The officers and men of the two Eastern companies are naturally greatly disappointed at their failure to gain the first place. From what we have seen of the companies, however, during the year, and also during the Competitive Drill itself, we are firmly convinced that they are the best drilled companies that Eastern has had since we won in nineteen sixteen. We con-

gratulate the captains upon the splendid results that their unceasing efforts accomplished.

We are extremely hopeful for our chances next year, as three of the seven officers do not graduate until 1920. The men in the ranks will be practically the same next year. So with the fine ground work that they have attained this year, the companies next spring should come out on top.

The Cadets at Eastern High received another honor in connection with the Competitive Drill. The Second Battalion of the Second Regiment, led by Maj. Ellis Haworth, of Eastern, was selected by the Military Instructor to put up an exhibition drill before the presentation of the flag to the winning company. The companies in this battalion are F and G, of Eastern, and H and K, of Tech.

This year each company awarded three medals, a gold medal for the corporal of the best squad, a gold medal for the best experienced cadet, and a silver medal for the best inexperienced cadet.

The winners of these medals are—Co. F, Prize Squad, first squad, Corp. R. L. Davis; best experienced Cadet, Private A. C. Crilley; best inexperienced Cadet, Private F. C. Thames. Co. G—Prize Squad, second squad, Corp. N. Brewer; best experienced Cadet, Private C. G. Newman; best inexperienced Cadet, Private L. T. Savage.

Aspirations of Cadets: "To win *the* drill and *the* girl."

Why is Hutchinson so tall?
Cause Mary can't hold him down.

Cadet Officers' meeting.

Hardy: "The corporal is supposed to see that every man in his squad is firing before he commences."

Miller: "I was yelling at my squad all during the drill, and still they wouldn't fire."

Havener: "That let's you off pretty easy, Miller."

Clerk: "Where were you from?"

Maiden: "Nebraska."

Clerk: "What part?"

Maiden: "All of me, of course."—*Exchange*.

Miss Adams (in debate in English): "Universal military training would make the men clean their teeth."

Dawson (in rebuttal): "If a man doesn't start cleaning his teeth until he is 19 years old, he never will."

(He won.)

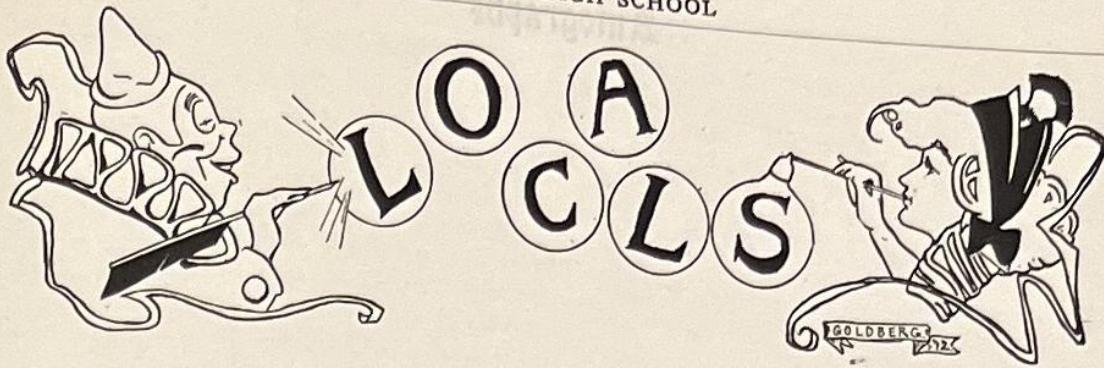


Albert W. Ayre, Photographer

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

THE ORCHESTRA

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Something is wrong—Greist woke up.

Two good jokes: Furey and Campbell.

Question: Why is Mr. Furey always so funny?

Oh Boy! who sprinkled the cologne in the Assembly on May 7?

Watch out for Furey and Teddy Brannon—it's getting serious.

Who would have thought that little boy Crow could make so much noise?

What means this growing intimacy between Detweiler and Mr. Hart?

Girls, I wish you would let a little boy in Room 12 known as Shifet alone.

Why do the boys dance and sing when a teacher leaves the room? Why?

Miss Bryan: "I don't like to have my picture taken." Thought, but unsaid: "Cameras cost a good deal of money."

Small Kid from Wallach to another: "Look at that funny man, he's sitting on the sidewalk talkin' to a banana-peel!"

First Freshie: "Why is Savage getting gray?" Second Freshie: "Because he is running around with too many girls."

Emma (asking for books at an Assembly): "The books only last a week in a hospital."

Snavely: "What do they do—eat 'em?"

Miss Birtwell: "What were 'Death' and 'Life-in-Death' doing?"

Burns: "Shooting craps for the mariner's fate!"

Miss Hill insisted upon saying "I have went." Miss Monk told her to stay in after school and write "I have gone" fifty times. Miss Monk left the room, and when she returned, found a paper with this on it: "I have gone fifty times. I got tired and have went home."

Miss McNutt to Miss Curtin (who is loudly chewing gum and has her feet in the aisle): "Miss Curtin, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Sentence in Latin class: "I do not know where he is."

Miss Hawes: "Gould, which is the main clause?" Gould: "I don't know."

Miss Hawes: "In what way do you mean that, Gould?"

Miss Wilkins had tried her best to teach the class the importance of carbohydrates, starch, and proteids in the body. Finally she said, "Now, who can tell me the three most important foods?"

Miss Wood quickly answered: "Breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

After Waldorf had made a mistake in French.

Mr. Schwartz: "Waldorf, if you made such a mistake while flying, you certainly would be in an awful fix."

Furey: "Flying? The highest he ever flew was in an elevator."

Dr. Rothermel: "Lanham, can a body that does not reflect light be seen?"

Lanham: "No."

Havener: "What about a black object; that doesn't reflect light?"

Dr. Rothermel: You don't see the object—you see a hole."

Engel: "Lanham's head must be a hole."

Adams (in his Chevrolet): "Miss —, do you want to go to the game this afternoon?"

Miss —: "I would like so much to, but I am —."

Adams: "Oh, Miss —, get right in, I will take you."

Miss —: "I can't because I have to go —."

Adams: "Don't be timid."

Miss —: "I can't, I am going with Mr. Parker."

Miss Peterson was *trying* to read Latin. She hesitated on a verb.

Miss Johnson said: "If you can find out what tense it is, you can translate it, I know. Now in what tense is it?"

(Miss Peterson hesitates.)

Miss Johnson: "Come on, speak up. Tell us what's in your mind."

Miss Peterson: "It's imperfect."

Autographs

The Other Classes—Freshmen

(Continued from page 16.)

the wrong rooms. At every corner we bumped into some dignified upper classman who would quickly turn and frown on us in a most bewildering manner. At lunch hour we would flock to the drill hall and stand around, afraid to dance, for we trembled at the very idea of getting upon the floor before those self-important "Sophs." So often were we warned as to our mistakes that we thought it impossible to become used to the daily routine of the school.

We had scarcely grown accustomed to the high school life, when came the horrid order that we must go home because the "flu" was raging. However, the period came to an end after four very long weeks. Again we packed our books and joyously took up our course of study.

We have tried to make ourselves indispensable to the school and follow the good example set by those who are passing up the line. We have developed a splendid school spirit; our members have already responded to every call for the support of the school, financial and otherwise.

We have proved ourselves efficient students, for the Freshmen carried off the greatest number of honors. Our banner section 9b-6 deserves special attention. Our ability to entertain has also been demonstrated in the playlet, "The Verb Brothers," as well as in the "Council of Greek Gods and Goddesses." Our spirited actor, Theodore Tenley, contributed to the success of "The Romancers" and gives promise of much good work in the future. Then most of our boys have enlisted in the Cadet companies. We are especially proud of Arthur Crow, who carried off the German helmet in the Victory Liberty Loan Contest.

Altogether, we consider that we have done good work this year, but we intend to double our efforts in the future, and as the Sophomores of Eastern High School leave behind us a model record for the succeeding class.

Locals

Rassbach: "Gladman, I saw your picture yesterday."

Gladman: "Where?"

Rassbach: "On a can of salmon, you poor fish."

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Miss Gardner: "What is meant by 'Aun' in the poem 'Across the Fields to Aun'?"
Kanngiesser: "I guess it means 'Anacostia'."

Latin words: Sailor-naughty cuss (nauticus).
Farmer-rusty cuss (rusticus).

In Algebra class, very excited pupil: "Exterminate X and Y."

Dear Editor: I am subject to severe headaches. Can you suggest a remedy? Yours truly,

ROOKIE.

Dear Sir: Your letter at hand. Would suggest that you use a vacuum cleaner. Sincerely yours,
EDITOR.

Hazel Smith: "I don't think I remember that, but I read over it in 'Elson'."

Miss Buchnam: "Yes, I think you did read over it instead of reading it over."

Dr. Leineweber (after a very poor recitation): "Queen! Queen!" (excitedly). King, get up to recite."

Dot Williams: "May I go to my locker?"

Miss Moore: "Your hair looks all right this morning, Dorothy."

Heard in Physics

Miss Parker: "Dr. Rothermel, don't they ever have any other kind of poles but north and south?"

Dr. R.: "Why, what do you mean?"

Miss P.: "East and west poles, for instance."

Dr. R.: "Silence!"

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